

*OLD*  
PLANTATION

*Days*



By MARTHA S. GIELOW





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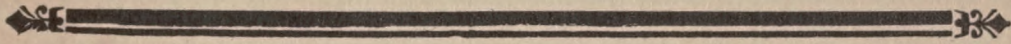




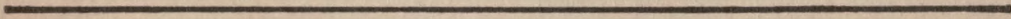








# Old Plantation Days















Martha S. Gilson.



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# Old Plantation Days

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*By*  
MARTHA S. GIELOW  
*Author of*  
"Mammy's Reminiscences,"  
etc., etc.



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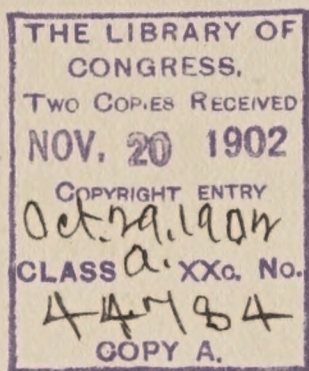
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TO THE MEMORY OF

*My Mother*

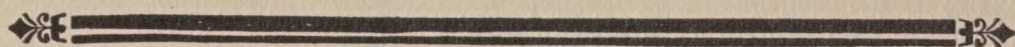
*Whose noble life was my guide and whose  
loving pride in me was my inspiration, I  
inscribe these simple stories of the "Mammy"  
who laid me first within those precious arms  
that never tired, against the faithful heart  
that never wearied in its devotion.*

MARTHA S. GIELOW.









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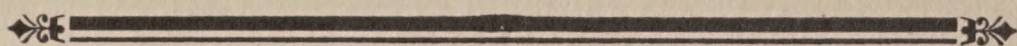
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## Mammy Speaks

“ **E**F de Lawd takes keer uv eben de li'l teeny, weeny sparrers, honey, den we-all what is created in His 'zac' likeness shouldn' 'spute de jestice uv His laws. De Lawd He wucks in myster'ous ways.

“ When I sets hyar an' looks out upon de changes, hit seem all wrong—an' sometimes hit seem lak de Marster done fergit us all—an' mos' pertic'lar dem what is ole an' no 'count—what ain' got nobody 'sponsible fer 'um dese days. But den, dat's des de debble er temptin' uv me. I knows dat He do keer. Yas, chile, He's boun' ter keer. Don' you s'posen dat yo' ole Mammy is des as much o' 'count ter de Lawd as dem li'l no 'count snowbirds, an' dat ole raid-haided woodpecker out dar on de tree, an' dem ole cawin' crows what's eatin' up de corn? Ob co'se I is! Ef He keers fer dem, He sho' gwine keer fer me. De Lawd never fersakes dem what's got faif.

“ Sometimes, honey, de debble he whispers ter me, an' says: ‘ Sis' Joanna, faif is fer dem what's got all dey wants; faif ain' gwine fill you wid vid-dles when you is hongry, ef you sets hyar an' waits



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fer it; you got to go fetch it, an' if you ain' able ter fetch it, you ain' gwine git it.' Den I ses ter de whisper: 'Go way f'um hyar, Mister Satan. Br'er Lija' had faif an' de ravens brunged him food, an' dem chillun gwine fetch me some'n 'fo' long; *dey*, de ravens what God gwine sen' me, an' sho' nuff, hyar you is wid er basket full er de fat uv de lan'. You is er snow-white raven, honey; de ve'y bird uv Parydise, an' you gwine hab sho' nuff gole wings when you die an' er sho' nuff gole hyarp ter play on an' sho' nuff gole slippers an' er sho' nuff gole crown fer ter wear. I done seed all dat de day you wuz borned. I done felt de sperits all roun' me when I fus' helt you up fer yo' Ma ter look at you.

"Lawd! Lawd! but it do seem lak 'twuz only yisterday when I hyard de bell ring in de middle uv de night fer me ter come to de house ter yo' Ma. De moon wuz des gwine down when I git ter de do' an' seed Br'er Jim gallup off fer de doctor lak de worl' wuz 'bout ter come to er een. Sich er night I never wan' ter see ergin. Yo' Pa look lak he mos' 'stracted, an' we all wuz. But than' God, des erbout sun-up, I hyard you cry fer de fus' time—de ve'y fus' baby cry in de fam'ly. Hit soun' sweeter dan de soun' uv music. Lawd, chile, how





*Mammy Joe*







## MAMMY SPEAKS

proud we all wuz, an' you weighed mighty nigh ten pounds, dat you did! You didn' look it; but honey, you hollered lak you wuz as big an' weigh' as much as er bale er cotton. Yo' Pa wuz too proud ter hol' in when he hyard you. He looked at you an' say: 'Dat baby's got er fine pair er lungs,' he say; 'she gwine have er good th'oat fer singin'.' De doctor, he say, 'Yas, I think so, an' you gwine fine 'er putty lively comp'ny.' Yo' Ma axed me ve'y easy ef I didn' reckon you had de colic. 'Law, no'm,' I say; 'dey ain' nuffin 'tall de matter wid dis baby, but dat she wan' some'n ter eat. She done tired out wid gettin' hyar.'

"I never will fergit de smile dat lighted up her face. Hit looked ter me lak es ef somebody had suddenly turned on er light 'bove 'er haid. I laid you in her arms whiles I fixed you er li'l spec uv catnip tea ter begin on. I wan' gwine give you no sugar rag; I don't b'lieve in sugar rags fer babies ter dis day. An' den, honey, you wuz sweet ernuff—dat you wuz—an' you's growed sweeter all de time. You 'minds me uv dem li'l yaller jesmine buds. Dey mighty dainty when dey fus' come, but when dey bus' inter full bloom, de whole woods is filled wid sweetness.

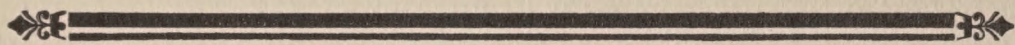
"What you say? Ter be sho', you kin res' yo'



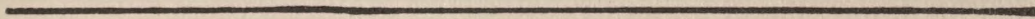
## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

haid in my lap. Is you tired, baby? Well, hit do seem lak you wuz er chile ergin, settin' hyar in my ole cabin, right on de ve'y stool what you usen ter play wid, an' er feelin' yo' li'l haid so close ter my arm. Le' me tech my ole fingers onct mo' ter de curls uv yo' hair. H—m, how fine an' silky hit do feel. But de gole dus' what I usen ter say dat de angels sprinkled on it is done turned ter brown, an' some day hit's gwine ter turn ergin ter silver. Den you gwine be ole lak me. Den de Lawd gwine sen' er dove fer to keer fer his li'l bird uv Parydise what brings de good things lak de ravens ter ole Mammy. Yas, res' yo' li'l haid on my lap, an' I gwine tell you 'bout de ole times befo' de war."





Mammy Joe and the Old  
Home









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# OLD PLANTATION DAYS

## Mammy Joe and the Old Home

**T**HOSE who have never known a Mammy can have but little conception of the love that existed between that dear, black foster-parent and “dem chillun what she’s done raised.” Nor can they realize the charm of listening to the tales of the past related by these dear old chroniclers of the Old South.

As time vanishes, the hazy distance will cast a misty but glorious halo over those old plantation days that are no more. We will have no more Mammies to nurse and care for us, and to tell us of the “gre’t house,” and the wonderful doings of our home-loving ancestors. We will hear no more the tender crooning of the simple lullabies that charmed us to rest; and the quaint dialect of those days, with its soft, mellow pathos, will be a thing of the past.

In one of the comfortless cabins of the present conditions, where the necessities of life are brought



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

in by the daily toil of withered hands, lives one of the old nurses who are passing.

Mammy Joe has always lived in a cabin, but not such a one as she occupies to-day. There was a day, she will tell you, when "me an' Mistis trabelled all ober de lan', an' my cabin was es fine es a lady's;" and as she sits and talks of the old times, her eyes grow misty, and her withered hands clutch nervously at her apron hem.

"Mistis never would have 'lowed me ter live lak dis, Miss Ferginia," she would say; "an' de chillun an' de gran'chillun would keer fer me now ef dey could; dey does he'p me all dey kin, but it ain' lak it wuz in de ole times.

"No doctor's bills ter pay den, no rent fer de cabin an' fer de patch fer my garden. I never was hongry an' never wanted clo'es to w'ar, an' I had fire ter set by when 'twas cole, widout havin' ter pay fer 'um all.

"An' now ter see de White House lived in by strangers f'um de hills! De home what my Mistis owned, wid piles uv niggers ter keer fer 'er—hit seem all wrong. Dem new sort uv white folks ain' got no biz'ness in Mistis' house. Dey don' seem nach'al to be dar."

Mammy looks far across the cotton field, down





*Mammy looks far across the cotton fields*







## MAMMY JOE AND THE OLD HOME

the avenue of walnut-trees to where the large grove of handsome oaks surrounds the old place, as she pauses. The tall pillars supporting the front gallery meet her gaze like faithful sentinels. They are yellowed with time and neglect, but are partly mantled by the kindly ivy, whose untrimmed tendrils have formed a covering for the decaying home.

The "White House" fronts the public highway or road which divides the plantation. On the side of the road, next to the house and grove, the fence is bordered by a row of fine walnut-trees. Across the road a long row of fig-trees forms a border to the vast fields spread out before you. The field gate is directly opposite the lawn gate, or "big gate" as it is called, which opens into the grove and leads to the mansion.

Going into the field-gate, the wagon road is bordered each side with a row of fine peach-trees. This avenue extends to the far end of the plantation, or rather to the "big cedar." The "big cedar" is famous for its size, and stands at the beginning of the woodland. Curving off from the big cedar, under whose shady boughs many a picnic has been held, a lovely sweep of pine-trees runs along the side of the plantation, and just where the pine

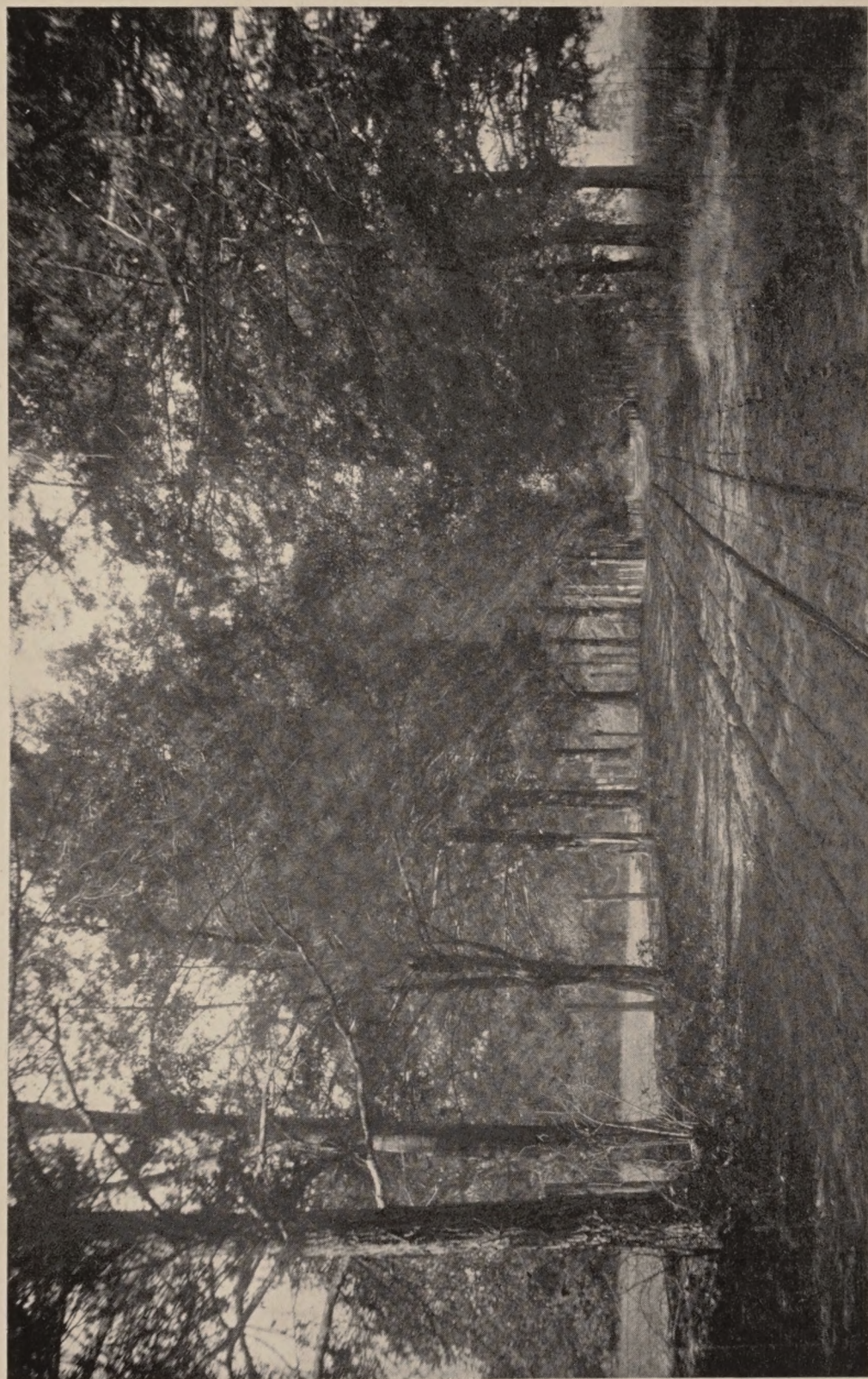


## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

forest ends, near the public road, stands a lonely log cabin.

In this desolate home, where the sighing of the pines is ever heard, lives Mammy. In the early morning she may be seen emerging from the rickety door of her house. She goes to the little garden at the back of the cabin and gathers a few sprouts from the monstrous collard-stalks, which seem to have a wonderful vitality for putting out new leaves on their gaunt and twisted necks, and, like the cruse of oil, furnish a continuous supply of food for the old negress year in and year out. Mammy Joe takes her sprouts to the well, lets down the bucket and draws up the fresh cool water. She washes the "greens" in a leaky tin pan, takes them into the cabin and puts them on to "b'ile" in a pot swinging from a crane in the chimney. The chimney is usually propped up on the outside by a fence rail. Sometimes Mammy puts a piece of meat on with the "greens," but generally she puts none. On a low bed in the cabin lies an invalid daughter. Two grandsons, whose mother is dead, also live with her. Having put the "pot on ter b'ile wid de greens," and having attended the ash-hopper, where lye is dripping to make soap, and having fed the few chickens in her coop, Mammy





*Down the avenue of walnut trees*







## MAMMY JOE AND THE OLD HOME

sits down to await the cooking of the greens. Her cabin faces the old home. She sits and looks through the door across the field, over the fig-trees, through the walnut hedge to where "de house" can be seen nestled under the oaks. The changed conditions have been almost as hard on the old nurse as on the mistress whom she had laid to rest with her own devoted hands. Though desperately poor, Mammy Joe is as proud as any colonial dame. She would scorn to beg, and if she were starving she would not admit that she was hungry. The dignity of her white folks must be upheld. Indeed, this family pride of these old mammies,—their devotion to the memory of the old times is the great charm which lingers around them like the scent of dead roses. The feeling of this invisible presence of buried sweetness wraps one around like the fragrance of a dream as one listens to the tales of the past and hears the plaintive echoes of those old times, so full of romance, so picturesque, so dear. While thus waiting for her "greens ter b'ile," Mammy is at her best when you want her to talk of the olden times. The sound of her voice comes to me like a far-off strain of music. I hear her say again with a soft, low tenderness, as one would speak while talking of the dead:



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“Yas, chile, dem wuz days, *dem wuz*, when Mistis lived, an’ I neber ’spec’s to see de like ergin.” And then I hear her say again, so apologetically, “Why didn’ you sen’ me word you wuz comin’, honey? I’d er had some uv de bes’ fried chicken you eber seed, an’ now I ain’ got er thing fitten ter han’ you. Ne’r mine, I gwine make Jake an’ Isum ketch dat yaller-laig domenick what’s done got outen de coop an’ run down in de pines, an’ I gwine fatten ’er twell she kain’ stan’ up, an’ de ve’y nex’ time you come, I gwine fry ’er. Jake! You an’ Isum go run down in de woods an’ see ef you can’ fine some yaller jasmine fer Miss Ferginia, an’ some uv dem heart-leaves she usen ter be huntin’ fer all de time. Honey, does you still love de woods an’ de wile flowers? Hit seem lak yisterday when I usen ter see you wid yo’ arms full uv honeysuckle an’ makin’ b’lieve you wuz er fai’y princess. I hates ter look over at de house dese days. Hit sets me thinkin’ ’bout de ole times what you don’ even ’member. Don’ look at my house, Miss Ferginia, kase it ain’ fitten ter ax a lady in, but hit wan’ always dat way ’fo’ my eyes give out. When I c’d see, I c’d keep eve’ything in order, an’ in dem days de cabin what I lived in was fitten fer any lady ter come inter. But now, I mos’ ’shamed ter





*The big cedar*







## MAMMY JOE AND THE OLD HOME

stay in it myse'f. Ole Miss wouldn' have 'lowed me ter live lak dis. But den, she's done daid an' gone, an' I 'spec's ter j'ine her 'fo' ve'y long.

“No'm, when Mistis lived, de cabin what I usen ter occipy wuz stan'in' right under dat oak you see over yander near de house. Le' me p'int hit out ter you. Kin you see thoo' de grove, honey, ter de right side uv de house? Well, look right dis way. Yassum, dat's hit—dat big *white oak*. Dat's whar I usen to lib, an' de chinkin' in de logs wa'n' done wid ole rags nurr. Lawd, chile! many is de time I is rocked Mistis' gran'chillun ter sleep in dat cabin. But hit's been to' down too long ter talk erbout. Now I libs over hyar in de woods. Yassum, de fam'ly is all done moved erway now, but de chillun he'ps me all dey kin. But it ain' lak it wuz in de ole times. Dem white folks what I done tell you erbout, ain' got de raisin' uv our white folks. Dey is er diffun' kine uv peoples. Why, honey, one day I went ober ter de house ter take some sof' soap ter 'change fer er spec uv sugar, an' dey wuz settin' at de table an re'chin' ercross ter he'p deyse'fs ter de dinner. Dey don' know how ter eat offen mahog'ny tables no better dan my Isum an' Jake. An' de 'hog'ny baid is all scratched up, an' eve'y book in de bookcase is



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upside down!" I hear her laugh again, as she continues: "I knows it kase I dus' dem books too many times, an' Mistis is showed me de top sides. An', honey, dem white folks is done to' down de kitchen what usen ter stan' in de yard, 'way off f'um de house; an' done put up er shed-room right on de een uv de piazzzy fer ter cook in. Yassum, dey is! An', chile, dey done turnt de pantry inter er sto'-room, an' keeps flour an' sugar in *paper bags*—'fo' Gawd, dey does! An' de big sto'-room,—dat big brick house you know whar we always usen ter keep hogsheads uv sugar an' hogsheads uv merlasses—dey is turnt inter er dry goods sto', an' de smoke house whar we usen ter have two hundred hams hangin' at er time an' bar'ls uv cracklin's an' bar'ls uv spare-ribs an' bar'ls uv pickled beef salted down, dey is done turnt inter er corn crib!

"Yassum, honey, dat dey is—an' de corn cribs is been to' down, an' all de ole cabins is been burnt up an' de fence to' down, an' nuffin' lef' but de big gate pos's. Lawd, chile, I can' hardly stan' it, an' when I sets hyar lookin' ober dar, I thinks erbout de times befo' de war when de quarters looked lak er city, an' when de plantation was lak er hive uv bees, wid de han's at wuck. I can see ole Mistis



## MAMMY JOE AND THE OLD HOME

right now, walkin' erlong lak er queen, froo de quarters whar we all fairly worshipped her. An' I kin hyar 'er say right now, 'How you feel, Uncle Billy?' An' I kin hyar Unc' Billy say, 'Des toller'ble, Mistis, thank Gawd! I thinks I c'd feel better ef it wan' fer de miz'ry in my back.' 'Well, I will sen' you a plarster,' says Mistis, an' den she says ter me, 'Joanner, be sho' dat Uncle Billy gits er plarster fer his back.' An' den she stops at Sis' Betsy's cabin, an' I hyar 'er say, 'Good-mornin', Aunt Betsy, how is yo' rheumatiz terday?' 'Gawd be praised, I feels 'bout de same, thanky, Mistis; dat bitters seem ter do me good,' say Aunt Betsy. 'Well, I'll sen' you some mo',' Mistis say. An' den Unc' Big-Jim would be sho' ter say, 'Good-day, Mistis, I feels lak er dram would set me up, please ma'am,' an' Miss would larf an' say, 'Ve'y well, Uncle Jim, jes' come ter de house an' Joanner shell mix you er nice toddy.' Lawd, honey! Fifty little niggers would be foll'in' Mistis; an' de big basket uv biskits an' sugar cakes what I toted would be emptied in no time. Wish I had some uv 'um right now an' er tas'e uv dat toddy an' one uv dem plarsters fer *my* back. Dat I do.

"Honey, does you ubsurb dem two gate pos's in front uv de house? Well, chile, in *dem days* befo'



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

de war, de ca'iages what come thoo' dat gate wuz er sight ter see.

"You knows Wash Crawford? Well, he wuz one uv de out-lookers—he usen ter set on de top uv de pos' tow'ds de Greensboro' side, an' Larfett, he usen ter set on de pos' tow'ds de ribber side. Den Merc'ry an' Cupid dey wuz de runners. Ef Wash seed de dust risin' in de road tow'ds de town side, he give de word ter de runners, an' while Cupe th'owed open de gate, Merc'ry he runned ter de house ter noterfy ole Miss, an' bless yo' soul, befo' de ca'iage 'rived at de gate, Br'er Tom would hab de cake an' wine out on de sideboard an' Mistis w'd be stan'in on de gall'ry whar you see all dem vines, waitin' fer ter welcome de gues's. How we did fly 'roun'! Ooommmmm!!

"Br'er Emp'rer he'd see dat de horses wuz watered an' fed, an' Sis' Ann, she 'tended ter de feedin' uv de servants. Sometimes hit wuz de Bishop an' sometimes hit wuz ladies an' gent'muns all de way f'um Mon'gomery, an' sometimes hit wuz jes' de jedges an' lawyers gwine f'um Greensboro ter Eutaw ter 'ten' court. But no matter, eve'ybody knowed eve'ybody in dem days, befo' de peoples git so p'omiscus.

"Now, ef de dus' riz on de ribber side, den





*“De house”*







## MAMMY JOE AND THE OLD HOME

*Larfett* he gib de 'larm, an' de runners opened de gates an' tuck de news ter de house es fas' es dey c'd run. Den we knowed hit wuz comp'ny f'um Eutaw or f'um Mobile, an' 'specially ef we hyard de steamboat blow. Sometimes dey des' takes rer-freshmen's an' den go on, but mos' giner'lly dey stayed er week an' sometimes er mont'. Sich dancin' an' frolickin' you neber seed, an' horse-back ridin' an' drivin' in de ca'iages, an' chest-nut huntin', getherin' wile flowers an' grasses, o-o-o-m-m-m!!

"Miss Fanny usen ter play de harp an' sing—dat gre't big harp, honey, what Mistis had sont f'um France in Parus. I wuz er young gal in dem days an' I usen ter he'p rub de silber, an' whip de cream fer de cillybub, an' I usen ter he'p keep de flies offen de table too. No common nigger, honey, kin bresh de table wid de peacock tail; it ain' in 'um, an' I wuz mighty proud when Mistis le' me stan' behine 'er an' wave dat bresh.

"In dem days de stage coach usen ter come along wid fo' horses an' blow de horn whenever dey stop ter let off passengers. Chile, hit wuz er sight ter see de niggers run when dat horn blowed. You'd er thought hit was Gab'el, it blowed so loud, an' brought de people out lak de summons done



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come. But *our* comp'ny neber comed on de stage coach—dat is, ve'y seldom. But Chris'mus was de time fer real joy an' happiness in dem days! Sich loads uv good things you neber seed in yo' life. De fam'ly usen ter come down ter de quarters ter see de breakdown; an' Jerryemiah an' Josephus w'd cut de pigeon wing. De younger set lak Wash an' Larfett an' Cupe an' Merc'ry w'd dress up an' sing an' dance 'John Cooner;' an' Ike an' 'Rastus drawed de fiddle. Mos' gin'rally one uv de young gals would git ma'ied on Chris'mus night, an' dat w'd make er bigger time dan eber. Aig-nog an' hot punch wuz free es water, an' de roas' hawg an' cracklin' braid wuz es superfine es de tuckey an' de chicken. But "de house" wuz de place on Chris'mus—all dec'rated wid evergreens f'um de swamp; an' de ladies did look so smart when dey come down de stair steps an' ranged deyse'fs in de drawin' room fer ter dance de Kerchy Cotillyum. An' de gent'muns dey bow so low when dey tech dey han's, hit look lak er dream. Br'er Billy he wuz always de fiddler fer de house, he an' 'Rastus; an' when dey scrape de bow an' call out 'Face yo' partners,' hit wuz er sight ter behol'. Den dey danced er dance called de minnyet, but hit wuz too slow fer de fiddle, an' Mistis always had er man



## MAMMY JOE AND THE OLD HOME

f'um town ter play hit on de pianner. De yard was lit up wid tar-bar'ls an' torches, an' I don' know which seem de happies'—de white folks er de niggers. But dar ain' no mo' Chris'mus-gif'-ketchin' now—no mo' new linsey frocks an' new shoes, 'cep'in' what you buys fer yo'se'f, an' no mo' good ole times lak dem. Eve'ybody done got po' 'cep'in' dem new-fashioned white folks what's comin' down Souf what never owned no niggers.

“Jes' 'fo' de war, when yo' Pa got ma'ied, an' fotch yo' Ma ter de home, she wuz de beautifules' bride I ever seed. She sutny wuz er angel ef dey ever wuz one, an' she knowed how ter b'ar trouble too, fer hard times an' trouble comed erlong han' in han', an' dey seem ter have j'ined han's ter stay wid us.

“You looks des' lak yo' Ma, Miss Ferginia, 'cep'in' you ain' es putty, but you talks des' lak yo' Pa, an' I hyar tell dat you is smart lak he wuz, wid book larnin', an' I hopes you is, fer he wuz de smartes' man dat eber lived in dis county. I 'members one day when de war broke out, de gent'muns wuz all tryin' ter draw er star fer er pattern fer yo' Ma ter make a flag, an' yo' Pa wuz de onlies' gent'mun what c'd draw dat star right. An' he tuck dat flag ter Mobile when he went off



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wid his comp'ny. Dar wan' no gent'mun in de county what knowed all de book-larnin' dat yo' Pa knowed, an' nobody in de worl' wuz ever so good es yo' Pa an' yo' Ma, ter us po' niggers. Lawd have mussy! You hyar me call myse'f er nigger, honey? Well, chile, I don' lak ter call myse'f er nigger, kase, pertic'lar speakin', dar ain' but one sho' nuff nigger, an' dat's de *debble*. We black folks ain' 'zackly niggers, you know, honey, we is des' black-skinned white folks. My heart is des' es white es yo' dress; yas, chile, dat it is, an' my black skin don' make no diffunce ter de Lawd!"

Thus, sitting at the feet, so to speak, of the Mammy whose black skin "don' make no diffunce ter de Lawd," I have gleaned many of the facts of my stories from her rambling reminiscences of the old plantation days that are no more.



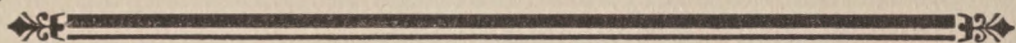


*Mammy looks far across the cotton field*

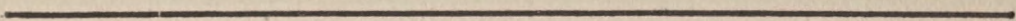








# Lookin' fer Marse Willie









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## Lookin' fer Marse Willie

THE old mansion rested upon the summit of one of the beautiful sweeping knolls, so characteristic of the highland district of Alabama, and was surrounded at the rear and sides by the stately live-oaks and crêpe-myrtles so profuse in that section of the State.

The sloping lawn in front was green, but the old-time velvety smoothness had given place to a confusion of flowers and weeds and grass. The handsome avenue of arborvitæ, untrimmed and uncared for, stretched out long shoots like gaunt skeleton arms, over the confusion and dilapidation of the neglected homestead.

Two long rows of tumbled-down cabins beyond the once famous mansion represented indeed a "Deserted Village," while the "horse lot" encircling the adjacent hillsides was no longer filled with frolicking steeds. Its fences were down, and the once prosperous barns and corncribs were rendering up their remaining beams to supply the fire-wood for the house.

The carriage-house, or what was left of it, was now converted into a cow-shed, under which stood



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

a patient old brindle waiting to be milked. The tinkle of the bell which she had worn as the leader of a large drove, was the only sound which broke the deathlike stillness of the place, except the creaking of an old broken-down buggy with tires half off, which came creeping in at the heels of the remains of a horse, whose reins were held by the remains of the old-time coachman of Myrtle Knoll.

Uncle Billy rolled the "remains" of the buggy under one side of the shed and turned old Stonewall loose. The tired horse immediately began to assist old Brindle at her meagre repast of corn-shucks, while Uncle Billy gathered up a satchel and band-box out of the vehicle and trudged to "de house," as the mansion was called. The old man walked quite sprightly for one of his age and ailments, and a look of intense satisfaction lit up the features of his venerable black face, so expressive of benevolence and kindness.

"She's done cum," he remarked as he deposited the satchel at the back entry of the house. "She's done cum, Mandy." Aunt Mandy, who was busy wiping out a lamp chimney at the little shelf in the back gallery, jumped slightly at the sound of her brother's remark, for she had not heard him come up.



## LOOKIN' FER MARSE WILLIE

"Who, Miss Rose?" she replied, quickly. "You don' ses so! An' hyar I is tryin' ter set dis ole lamp er goin' dat ain' had no ile sence de chile cum home two year ergo. But how dis you git hyar so soon, Billy? I been 'lowin' you'd break down in de mud wid ole Stonewall an' dat rickety buggy. Whar Miss Rose? W'at you go fetch 'er up de back way fer? You know, I'se too lame ter sweep de leaves off'n anywhar 'cep'in' de front walk, an' now you done fetched 'er in de back way what I ain' had de strenf fer ter sweep!"

"I never fotched 'er in de back way, Sis' Mandy," replied Uncle Billy. "She jes' would git out at de big gate an' walk ter de house; sed she jes' hatter walk. Dar she cum now," he exclaimed, pointing to the slim, girlish figure wending her way in and out through the rose bushes to the home. Uncle Billy sat down on the back steps and drew an old cob pipe from his coat pocket, raked out some dried tobacco leaves, crushed them up in his hand, filled his pipe and began to smoke. The nicotine acted upon memory as usual, for Uncle Billy began to look dreamy and to talk to himself:

"Ef Marse Willie jes' *would* cum back!" he repeated, plaintively. "Es ole as I is, I'd split rails an' fix de fences, an' set dis place er goin' lak it



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

usen ter be befo' de wah. Ain' nuthin' lef' hyar now 'cep'in' *ha'nts*. Eben dose good fer nuthin' niggers what wouldn' he'p me mek er crop fer Miss Lilly is 'feered ter cum hyar ter eben steal chickens. Dat's de onlies' good I is ever knowed *ha'nts* ter do—keepin' off fiefs. But dey's too many uv dem res'less sperits gittin' roun' hyar ter suit me. But I ain' s'prised whiles Miss Lilly look so powerful lak a ghos' herse'f. Ain' no soun' er nuthin' on de place 'cep'in' jes Mandy an' me—an' ole Brindle—an' de horse—an' Gen'l. Wonder whar dat dawg is anyhow! Hyar, Gen'l, hyar, cum hyar, Gen'l."

General came walking up with a tired look in his sightless eyes; in fact, the old house pet was blind, and almost stone deaf; only his dog instinct and the time of the day enabled him to creep out from his bed under the steps when Uncle Billy called. "Hyar's de scraps I save' fer you, ole feller," and Uncle Billy pulled out two meat skins and a piece of crust from the back pocket of his best coat, which he had put on in honor of driving the buggy to the station, ten miles away, for Rosalind Wallace.

Aunt Mandy had hastened to the front, where the girl could be seen lingering among the rose



## LOOKIN' FER MARSE WILLIE

bushes, now filled with buds in spite of numerous dead branches. "Lawd bless my soul!" she exclaimed. "How you do, Miss Rose! I sutny an' sho' is proud ter see yer. How cum you didn' ride up de ab'nue, honey? I 'spec' you done git yo' little feets plum' full uv mud, walkin' fro' de bushes dis way." The old woman bent down and hugged the skirts of the fair young girl, whose graceful arms were outstretched to the faithful old mammy. Her soft blue eyes were filled with tears, and she trembled visibly as she asked, "How is she, Mammy, and how are you?"

"We is gittin' 'long jes' tolerable, honey," Mammy replied. "She's takin' a little nap dis ebenin', but you is gwine ter see 'er es soon es she wakes up. She seem ter sleep er good deal hyar lately, but den dat's good fer 'er, kase hit seem ter me she ain' never is sleep a whole night in twenty year."

Rosalind pressed the stiff black hand silently, and her pensive face assumed a deeper sadness as she mounted the steps of the front piazza of her old Southern home. Seeing the look of sadness, the nurse brushed stealthily a tear from her own honest eye, for she too was bearing a weight of memories and grief which she endeavored to hide,



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

and in a bright, brisk manner began to bring up a chair and offer a welcome to the young mistress of the house.

“Take er cheer, honey, an’ set down,” she said cheerfully. “I know you mus’ be tired out wid de long ride behine ole Stonewall. I gwine fix you somethin’ ter eat bime’by. But you mus’ set hyar an’ res’ er while fus’ an’ let yo’ ole mammy look at you good. Bless Gawd, I’s proud ter see you, an’ de weather done cl’ared up jes’ beautiful fer ter give you er welcome home. Jes’ look ober dar at de putty sunset, honey! Now ain’t dat jes’ too beautiful! Dem clouds is mos’ es red es my ole haid-han’cher’, an’ jes’ look at de piles uv snow-drif’ clouds lak beat-up aigs! Jes’ look, Miss Rose! But, dar now, honey, dar is de ole fambly signmint uv trubble in dem clouds. Dar *now*, dar de shadder, sho’ you born. Yassum, I said de *shadder*. Ain’ you never hyared uv de shadder? Yas, honey, dar it is; it’s de shadder I always sees when we is gwine hab trubble. Don’t you see it, Miss Rose? Look right ober de hills ’tween dem two talles’ spur-rers.” The old woman pointed her long black finger in superstitious awe toward where the imaginary symbol of trouble—seen only by herself—was supposed to be darkening the sunlight against



## LOOKIN' FER MARSE WILLIE

the hills with its ominous presence. "You see dat long black streak what look lak er cross?" she whispered. "Yassum, *dat's hit*; well, when you sees dat cross dar at sunset, hit's de sho' sign we gwine hab trubble." Noting the anxious look on Rosalind's face, she hastily exclaimed: "But den, I ain' lookin' fer no trubble now you is come home, honey, no—dat I ain'."

Rosalind had risen from the seat she had taken and was standing beside the negress, looking far above the hilltops into the sky. Her sensitive nature was vibrating to the superstitious awe of the old nurse. A deeper sadness seemed to settle upon her troubled looks, and unbidden tears began to roll from her eyes upon her soft cheeks.

"Lawd, Miss Rose, what make you cry, chile? Don' do dat, honey, you mos' bre'k my heart ef you do dat way," said Mammy.

"It cannot mean more trouble to *her*, can it, Mammy?" Rosalind sobbed out softly, as she leaned upon the arm that reached out to support her.

"Lawd, no, Miss Rose," replied Amanda, in deep self-reproach at bringing grief to her child. "Lawd, no, honey. Don' cry, Miss Rose. You mos' bus' my heart open ef you do dat way. I



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

wish I hadn' never seen dat shadder; hit sutny don' mean no mo' trouble to Miss Lilly——”

“But it means trouble to you and to me, Mammy, and to Uncle Billy,” replied the girl. “I do not need any sign in the heavens, Mammy, to tell me that trouble is at hand. Oh, I feel so oppressed at heart. It seems as if the old place never looked so desolate, so changed, so—utterly wretched; the cabins are nearly all gone—and—and—how lonely the old gate-posts look. Oh! how sad it is to live where the world seems dead!” Rosalind flung herself upon the chair from which she had risen. Her abandonment to grief was so new to the usual brave demeanor of the orphaned girl, that Aunt Amanda was bewildered with distress. She flung herself upon her knees by the weeping girl and began to comfort her in her simple way.

“Don' cry no mo', honey,” she pleaded, “don' cry no mo'. I know it's hard —things do look mighty changed, but den you mus' *'spec' dat*. What you keer 'bout dem ole cabins, an' de fences bein' gone? Dey makes good kindlin' wood an' saves er pile uv haulin'. Yassum, dem ole gate pos's do look mighty lonesome stan'in' up dar all by deyse'fs. We ain' never is whitewashed 'em sence you come las' time, Miss Rose—tell you de



## LOOKIN' FER MARSE WILLIE

trufe, honey, dey looks too skeery stan'in' up dar in de dark, widout no fence hitched ter 'um, an' we wuz glad when de rain wash' de lime off. You see, Br'er Billy, he's skeered uv ha'nts, an' he wouldn't pass dem pos's in de dark while de whitewash las' fer de worl'. No'm! dat he wouldn'."

Rosalind smiled through her tears.

"Dear Uncle Billy," she exclaimed. "Is he really afraid of 'ha'nts?'" she asked with child-like interest. "But Mammy," she said, returning to her troubled looks, "I want to see my mother. I have come home to stay with her—until—until—I mean, always." The tears came again to the tender eyes.

"Yassum," Mammy replied. "Jes' es soon es she wake up. Now, don' go ter cryin' no mo', Miss Rose. I knows hit's sad, honey, but yo' Ma ain' in no sufferin'. Now, I knows her hair done turn snow white; I knows all dat, an' I knows you is one brave chile, gwine 'way up yander 'mong strangers ter work fer ter s'port yo' Ma, an' ter keep de house from bein' sole so she kin libe in it ondesturbed. I knows what you is done, honey, an' I is done de bes' I kin ter he'p you teck keer uv 'er. Dat I is.

"An' she's still thinkin' dat you is a little baby



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

an' dat she's rockin' you ter sleep eve'y night while she watches fer yo' Pa ter cum home f'um de war. Watchin' fer 'im de same es she done while de war was fightin', an' den when dey was done killin' one nurr an' all dem what was lef' cum back home, an' Marse Willie, yo' Pa, didn' cum, po' Miss Lilly, she never said er word—jes' stan' an' look up de ab'nue an' watch an' wait des de same, never movin' 'cep'in' ter rock you ter sleep, an' watch on."

"And does she never weep?" asked Rosalind, very softly.

"Lawd, no, honey. She ain' never is cried yit in all dese years, an' she ain' never is 'peared ter know dat you is done growed up. She's des' de same. She take eve'ything lak someone in er trance.

"When I ses ter 'er: 'Come eat yo' dinner, Miss Lilly,' she comes erlong lak er little chile to de dinin' room, an' she eats lak er butterfly, so light an' dainty—not ernough ter feed er sparrer, an' den when she gits thoo', she goes back ter de same cheer on de gall'ry an' takes 'er seat ergin an' des looks up de road des de same. An' when it gits dark, I goes ter her an' ses, 'Come, go ter baid now, honey; hit's gittin' late,' an' den she say, 'Bring me de baby, Mammy, an' le' me rock 'er ter



## LOOKIN' FER MARSE WILLIE

sleep 'fo' her Pa come home.' An' den I makes b'lieve I is handin' you ter 'er, an' she hol's out 'er arms an' thinks she's got you, an' she sings dat same baby chune she's been singin' all dese years. Den when she git so tired an' mos' fall ter sleep, I leads 'er off ter baid. An' de las' word she say eve'y night de Lawd sen' is, 'Now sing me ter sleep, Mammy, an' wake me up when Willie comes!'

"I bin hyarin' 'er say dat all dese years an' I ain' never is lef' 'er fer no freedom nor nuffin'."

The young daughter sobbed silently as she listened to the same sad story that ever greeted her brief returns to the home she had left only to endeavor to preserve, by her brave efforts, for the refuge of the mother who still rocked her to sleep in fancy and passed the many years waiting for her loved one to return from the war.

"Miss Rose, you mus'n' take on so, honey," the old nurse said as she tried to comfort the girl; "you is done all you could do fer yo' Ma, er angel couldn' do no mo', an' es long es we kin keep de house f'um bein' sole so she kin stay hyar, she is heap mo' happy den we-all is, an' Marse Willie is jes' 'bleedged ter 'pear ter 'er some day,—dat he is.

"I never will fergit de day Marse Willie rid down de ab'nue ter de war," she said, standing



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

erect and pointing down the avenue of untrimmed cedars. "I never will fergit dat day. Ole Prince pawed de groun', an' Jerry wuz er grinnin' f'um year ter year—he so proud ter be settin' on de black colt, gwine ter de war wid his young Marsa. You don' 'member Jerry, honey, kase you wuz jes' er baby, but Jerry he wuz my onlies' chile, an' I wuz er lookin' at him fer de las' time. We was all er standin' right out hyar on dis ve'y gall'ry, waitin' fer ter see 'em ride off to de war. Miss Lilly looked lak er snow-flake in 'er white linen dress, an' 'er beautiful young face mos' es white as de frock. But she never shed er tear—dat she didn'. She smile an' wave 'er han' an' hurray an' sing Dixie, an' holt you 'way up, so Marse Willie c'd see you de las' thing when he rid off.

"An', honey, ole Missus never cry nurr, but she shuck lak de leaves on de tree. I de onlies one what wuz cryin', but den, I jes' couldn' hol' in, I was jes' *'bleedged* ter cry. I couldn' he'p it. Seem lak I had ter cry fer 'em all an' fer bofe my chillen gwine 'way never ter cum back no mo'.

"Marse Willie, he look lak er king, an' he set on Prince straight es er arrer; an' when he done kiss you an' yo' Ma, he tuck my ole black han' an' he say, 'Mammy,' he say, 'take keer uv my Lilly an'



## LOOKIN' FER MARSE WILLIE

my Rose twell I comes back wid Jerry f'um de war. Gawd bless you.'

"An' I say, 'Yas, honey, don' you worry 'bout dem; I gwine take keer uv 'em ontwell you an' Jerry gits back.' An' I is tried ter keep my trus'; dat I is. I ain' never lef' Miss Lilly fer no freedom nur nuffin'. Seem lak I kin hyar de clatter uv dem horse hoofs gwine down de ab'nue, es Marse Willie rid off ter de war, ter dis day, an' I is always lis'nin' fer ter hyar 'em cum back. I done laid ole Mis' ter res' an' I done raised you up, an'—an' I is done tuck keer uv Miss Lilly, an' never 'spec's ter leave her twell Marse Willie comes ter claim 'er at de jedgment day—him an' Jerry. Seem lak I kin hyar de clatter—" The old nurse ceased suddenly to speak.

"Keep still, Miss Rose," she whispered tenderly, "dar cum yo' Ma right now. She done wake up, an' she knows it's gittin' night-time an' she is comin' ter rock you ter sleep. Don' cry, honey, you jes' set right hyar an' lis'en when she sing. She's des es happy es er angel, Miss Rose, an' see how sweet 'er face is! Na'y wrinkle—her skin lak er baby, dough 'er hair snow white."

A sad, pale woman came slowly toward the old nurse and the young girl upon the piazza. Her



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

hair was indeed white and her skin fair, but, as Aunt Mandy had said, not a wrinkle was visible upon her brow. A wistful look, however, saddened the once beautiful face, a wistfulness, pathetic in a childlike unconsciousness of all else save the longing for him for whom she seemed to be forever looking.

The old nurse handed a chair to the mother, who, seeing the young girl (without a gleam of recognition, however), drew partly back. Seeing her hesitation, Aunt Mandy remarked, reassuringly:

“Hit’s only a fr’en’, Miss Lilly; you needn’ mine her. What dat you say, honey? Fetch you de baby? Yassum, I’ll gib you de baby. Hyar she is right now.” Lillian Wallace held out her arms as if to receive the precious one, which the faithful nurse pretended to hand her.

“What did you say, Miss Lilly?” asked the old nurse, tenderly bending over her. “What’s dat you say, honey? You so tired ternight—you rudder ole Mammy ter sing fer you? All right den—hol’ yo’ little han’? Dat I will! How cole it is. What dat you say? You ’spec’ he gwine cum ternight? Well, you des res’ ’gin Mammy’s arm, an’ I gwine wake you when he come. Des’ res’ on me. I gwine sing you de chune what Marse Willie lub



## LOOKIN' FER MARSE WILLIE

mos'. Yassum, dat's his fav'ite chune—Jacob's Ladder—dat de one he lub bes'. Seem lak he's bou'n' fer ter hyar me right now."

Peering in vain down the avenue, and listening, as ever, for the sound of the steps that were never to come, the tired mother leaned back on the cushioned chair and seemed to sleep, one arm holding in imagination the baby to whom she had sung for twenty years. But to-night, it was the quivering voice of the nurse that fell upon the silent air. Mammy held tenderly the hand of her child, which she stroked caressingly, while she sang the old song that "Willie loved," sang it while the tears fell from the withered eyes, her trembling voice almost choked by uncontrollable emotion:

"I is clim'in' Jacob's ladder,  
Don' you grieve after me.  
I is clim'in' Jacob's ladder,  
Don' you grieve after me;  
I don' wan' you ter grieve after me.

"I is goin' home ter Jordan,  
Don' you grieve after me.  
I is goin' home ter Jordan,  
Don' you grieve after me;  
I don' wan' you ter grieve after me.

"I will wear dat crown uv glory,  
Don' you grieve after me.



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

I will wear dat crown uv glory,  
Don' you grieve after me ;  
I don' wan' you ter grieve after me."

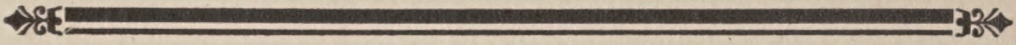
Rosalind too was silently weeping. She had looked beseechingly at her dear one with a last longing hope for a spark of recognition—some faint remembrance—but in vain. Kneeling reverently, she pressed her face upon the arm of the mother, for whom, away among strangers, she had labored so faithfully and devotedly.

The hand that Mammy had released for her to kiss grew colder and colder, and the chafing did not warm it. Aunt Mandy, who was more accustomed to the appearance of "her chile," soon noticed the rigid fingers and the pallid hue on the silent brow. Bending over her, she called, piteously and tenderly, "Miss Lilly, honey, wake up! How cole yo' han' is gittin', Miss Lilly! Miss Lilly! Oh, Miss Lilly, wake up!"

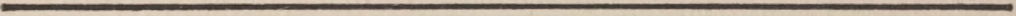
No answer—no answer came, save the sobbing sound of the daughter's grief. Gathering the weeping girl within her arms, she cried:

"Miss Rose, Miss Rose, don' weep; Marse Willie's sperit is come an' tucked my chile home at las'!"





# Dat Chile









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## Dat Chile

“**S**HE wa’n’ nair one uv dese hyar tow-headed tom-boys lak de res’ uv de chillun, I kin tell you; dat chile look mo’ lak er sperit dan er pusson, an’ her hair look lak wheat straw, hit wuz so gole an’ yit so fair. I usen ter say, when de ’lasses candy got de color uv dat chile’s hair, it wuz done pulled ernuff an’ fitten ter eat—an’ hit *wuz too*.

“She usen ter clam de trees lak er squi’l, an’ she look lak er rose bloomin’ on de limb uv dat big magnolia-tree. But she never to’ her frock nor skin her han’s lak de res’—dat she didn’. She wuz es dainty an’ sweet es er butterfly, an’ sing! um-m! She’d set up dar an’ sing lak er mockin’ bird de whole day long. Hit wuz es nach’al ter hyar dat chile singin’ dat when she went off ter school hit look lak all de birds an’ all de sunshine an’ all de flowers done gone wid her. But when she comed back, hit wuz lak de glory uv de sunrise, fer eve’y-thing seemed bright ergin. Yas, honey, Miss Isabel (fer dat wuz her name) wuz de light uv de place, an’ she wuz er glory-light too.

“She seemed ter think of eve’ybody but herse’f



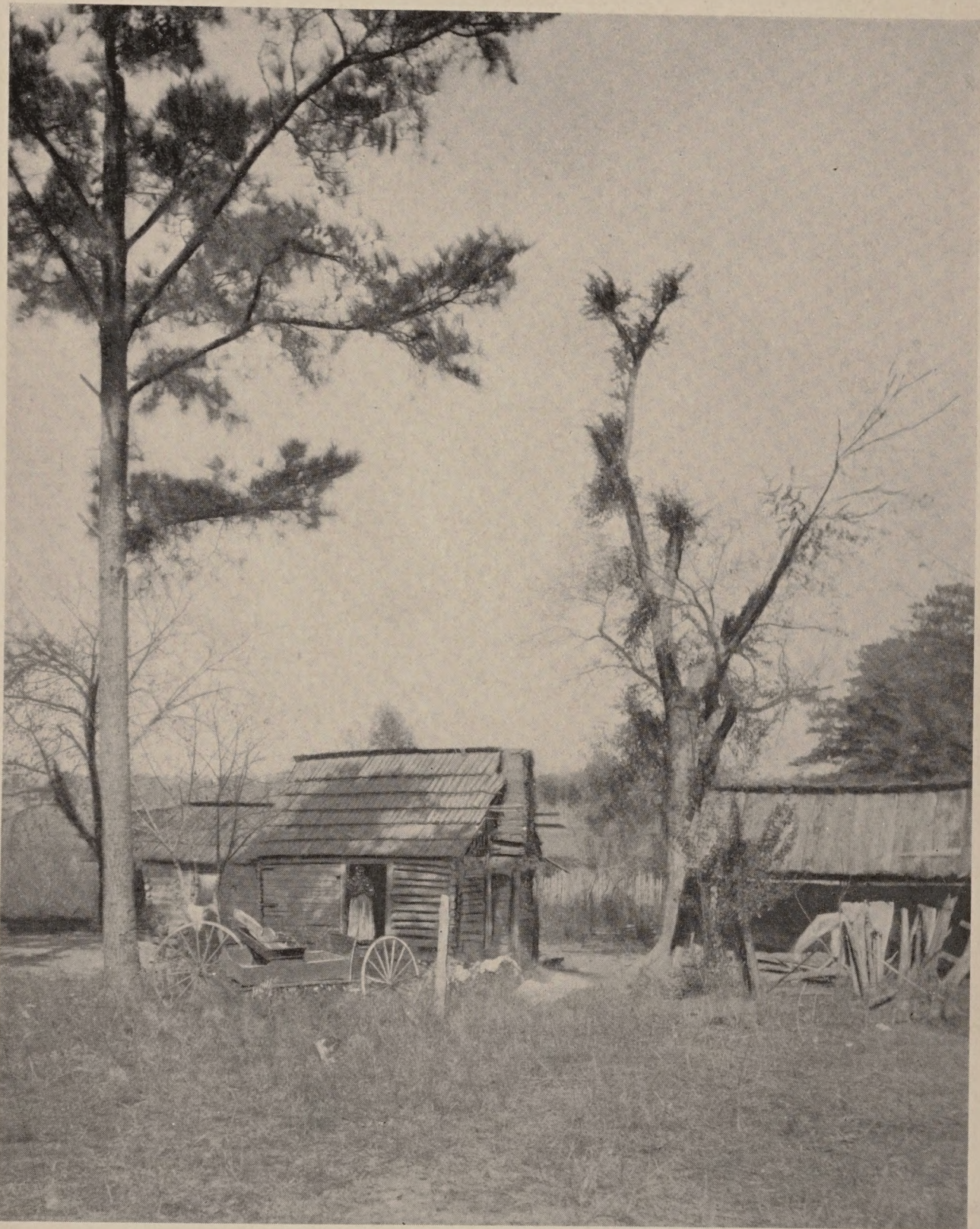
## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

while eve'ybody wuz sted'in' 'bout des *her*. Dat is, her Gran'pa an' me. Lawd, yas, chile, her Ma done died when she wuz born, an' her Pa soon foller after. Ole Marster des p'intedly worshipped dat baby, an' he give her eve'ything in de worl' she seem ter wish fer. I never 'spected ter see de time when Marster w'd er refused dat chile uv her wants; but den, we kin never tell what gwine ter happen, an' dat's sho'. We ain' certain uv nuffin, honey, but def, fer dat is boun' ter come. An' def did come when ole Marster broke de rule.

“Hit wuz 'bout de cap'n. Yassum, Cap'n Franklin—Marse George I called him—he wuz jes' f'um de war 'bout dat time wid de straps on his sleeves, an' er likelier lookin' young gent'mun you never seed. Dat chile, she des seem ter think dat de sun rise an' set in dem shoulder-straps an' I couldn' see why ole Marster didn' lak him too. But he des seem ter simply hate de sight uv him.

“Dat hurt Miss Isabel ter de quick, an' de 'tempt ter keep 'legiance ter 'em bofe seem ter upset dat chile might'ly. But I never 'spected ter see de trouble dat I did. You see, dat chile wuz so young, an' ole Marster so ole; I reckon dat wuz de reason uv it all. It happened one night in de springtime—de time when de birds is nestin' an' de flowers is











## DAT CHILE

des beginnin' fer ter bloom, an' young folks gits foolish, lookin' so much at de moon, dat I wuz settin' in my cabin all erlone an' I wuz er smokin' my ole cob pipe. It was one dat Silas lef' me when he died. I never tuck ter smokin' till after dat—an' den I only smoked uv nights kaze I missed him so. Well, honey, I wuz er settin' dar sted'in' 'bout puttin' up my pipe an' gwine ter bed—fer it wuz gittin' late. I set dar restin' er minnit, an' pres'n'y I heerd some light footfall by de do' an' de latch hit lift up an' de do' creaked open.

“ ‘Who dar?’ I said, reachin' fer de fire-stick, an' fo' de Lawd! ef it wa'n' dat chile.

“ ‘W-what in de name uv de lan' is you doin' up dis time uv de night, Miss Isabel?’ I say. ‘What on de face uv de yearth is de matter?’

“ ‘Nuffin', Mammy,' she say, shettin' de do' an' drawin' up a cheer by de chimley. Den I see she got on gloves an' 'er hat, an' all dress up fer trabellin'.

“ ‘Miss Bell,' I say, ‘what dis mean, honey?’

“ ‘Mammy,' she say, ‘you mustn't git mad—but I—I can' he'p it.’

“ ‘Can' he'p what?’ I ax.

“ ‘I love him so,' she say.

“ ‘Love who, chile?’ I ax ergin. Wid dat, she



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

bus' out cryin' an' flung 'er arms 'roun' my nake an' sob out:

“ ‘ You know who it is, don' you, Mammy? Oh, Mammy! Gran'pa, who used ter be so good ter me, is so cruel,' she say. ‘ Now, Gran'ma ma'ied Gran'pa at sixteen, an' I am mos' seventeen,' she say; ‘ an' Gran'pa says I—I can' an' George says I *shall*—an'—an' I'm so *miser'ble*, I'm—I'm gwine ter run 'way.’ ”

“ ‘ Gwine run 'way! Bless Gawd! What you gwine run 'way fer? ’ I say.

“ ‘ George won' wait,' she sob out, ‘ an'—an' I'm—he's—he's comin' fer me ternight—an' oh, Mammy! I'm gwine be ma'ied an' I'm so *miser'ble* an' so happy! ’ ”

“ ‘ Hyar! hyar! hyar! ’ I lafs, an' den I says: ‘ You des hol' on, baby, an' I gwine manage ole Marster. I gwine see dat he lets in.' But 'fo' I c'd move outen my tracks, I hyard er horse come clatt'in' up, an' 'fo' I knowed what had happened, de Cap'n done jump down an' open my do' an' says: ‘ Is you ready, darlin'? ’ ”

“ I sprunged up an' face him; an' I say: ‘ No, Marse George, dis chile ain' ready. You ain' gwine ter ca'y her 'way f'um 'er gran'pa in dis way, nor f'um her ole mammy nurr. Ef you is a



## DAT CHILE

solger,' I say, 'you ain' brave ter come hyar, stealin' my chile in de night.'

" 'Don' was'e yo' bref', ole lady,' he say. 'Her gran'pa took matters in his own han's when he wanted her gran'ma,' he say, 'an' he seem ter have forgotten how it feels ter be in love wid a girl,' he say. 'An' he rufuses me her han', an' I'm gwine ter be solger enough ter take her off by storm.'

" 'Dat you ain',' I say. 'I gwine 'larm dis whole place an' raise er storm, sho' nuff.' Den, chile, I des' 'gun ter call des es loud es I could holler. 'Oh, Marster, oh, Marster! Unc' Peter! Unc' Peter!' But knowin' dey wuz bofe deaf, I den call fer de dawg. 'Hyar, Wolf, hyar, Wolf, hyar! sick 'im, sick 'im!' I call 'mur-rder! mur-rder!' Well, chile, by dat time ole Wolf 'gun to yelp an' bark an' he an' me made sich a fuss terge'r dat Br'er Peter come runnin' out, an' ole Marster hyard de fuss an' he run out an' shoot off his pistil, sayin': 'Whar de fief? Whar de fief?' Well, Marse George, he cotch Miss Isabel up in his arms, an' set her on de pony he done saddle up, an' honey, de wors' uv it all, he den cotched me roun' de wais'—'fo' Gawd, he did—an' he sot me up on his own horse, right behine his



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

saddle, jumped up hisse'f, give er cut ter de horse, an' off we went!

“Dar we wuz, des er flyin' erlong. ‘Lawd, Lawd! dear Jesus!’ I called out, ‘have mussy! have mussy! Oh, Marse George, Marse George, le’ me down! Le’ me down, Marse George,’ I say.

“‘Hol’ on, ole ’ooman,’ he say; ‘we’ll soon be dar,’ he say. All dat time, Miss Bell wuz on her own li’l pony, flyin’ ’long by de side uv us lake er sperit in de night. My bref wuz mos’ gone, my body wuz mos’ broke in two, an’ my eyes wuz mos’ put out uv my haid, I wuz so terryfied. Well, chile, hit wuz des sun-up when we ’rived at de li’l Pistopal Church des at de aige uv de town. Den he sort er ease up, an’ he tuck me down an’ almos’ tote me in de church-house. Dar wuz er preacher an’ er lady an’ two odder gent’muns in unyforms. Dey tuck us in an’ de preacher he say some pra’rs, an’ pernounce ’um man an’ wife. Des den we hyard a big fuss outside, an’ bless Gawd! hit wuz ole Marster. He done drove up wid de fam’ly ca’iage an’ de horses wuz white wid foam. He walk right in de church-house, an’ he say, wid his face pale as def:

“‘Jes’ in time fer ter give my blessin’.’ Den he kiss de bride an’ shuck han’s wid de groom an’ de



## DAT CHILE

urrs, an' he give his arm ter Miss Isabel, an' say: 'We'll go home ter breakfas'.' An' he 'scorted 'um ter de ca'iage. He put us eve'y one in—me an' all—an' tuck de whole uv us back home. Well, it looked too good ter be true, honey, an' hit wuz.

“Ole Marster wuz jes' es perlite es er fiddler, an' he sorter look out de ca'iage winder, so es ter per-ten' not ter see Marse George holdin' Miss Isabel's han's. Dey didn' seem ter mine *me*, but dey seem ter want ole Marster ter look de yother way, an' so he did. When he got home, it wuz jes' 'bout breakfas' time, an' Aunt Becky she done set de table an' 'range eve'ything nice an' fine, fer ole Marster had done give de order 'fo' dey bring de ca'iage roun' fer him ter pursue us. Well, I wuz terrible shuck up f'um de ride; I wuz mos' daid, an' I comed mighty nigh dyin', I kin tell you. Sometimes I wishes I had, honey, fer de trouble what come ter me atterwards wuz wors' dan def. Yassum, dat it wuz.

“Well, when de breakfas' wuz over—an' hit wuz a mighty cur'ous one, I kin tell you—ole Marse he say he wish fer ter speak wid Cap'n Franklin in de liberry. Miss Bell she went ter de drawin' room fer ter wait while dey talked in de liberry.

“Ole Marster wuz stan'in' by er table when



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

Marse George walked in an' on de table, honey, wuz two big horse pistils—all loaded an' set.

“ ‘ You is insulted my honor,’ ’sclained ole Marster, ‘ an’ I ’spects you ter meet me at de bottom uv de garden in half er hour.’ ”

“ Well, de cap’n thought dat ole Marster had done fergive him when he fotched us all home so perlitely, an’ he wuz so ’stonished he couldn’ speak.

“ ‘ You is er coward!’ ole Marster ’sclained ergin. ‘ I challenge you ter fight, sir, an’ you is afeered ter speak.’ ”

“ ‘ I’m not afeered,’ Marse George say at las’, ‘ but I did not expec’ dis ter be de result atter yo’ hospertal’ty—an’ besides,’ he say, ‘ you is ole an’ I is young, an’ I do not wan’ ter take advantage of you, sir.’ ”

“ ‘ Coward!’ ole Marster ’sclained ergin. ‘ You is er coward, sir, an’ unworthy my gran’daughter. Defen’ yo’s’e’f!’ With dat, he jucked up de pistil an’ Marse George he jucked up de yuther, an’ de nex’ minit de shots rung out. An’, chile, when we got in dar, de cap’n wuz stretched on de flo’ wid de blood comin’ f’um er hole in his bre’s’—an’ ole Marster wuz stan’in’ over him, *plum’ crazy!* Yas, chile, he wuz *plum’ crazy* when he wuz actin’ so perlite at de weddin’.



## DAT CHILE

“Lawd, yassum, chile, de cap’n, he died wid his haid on my baby’s lap. An’ he tell her not to grieve an’ tole her how it all wuz, an’, chile, dey found out atter he wuz daid, dat he never shot at ole Marster ’tall—he des’ p’int his pistil at de wall, an’ de bullet is right dar in de top ceilin’ uv de liberry ter dis day.

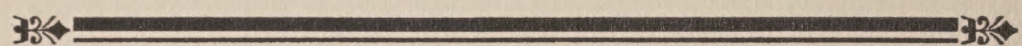
“No’m, dey didn’ do nuffin wid ole Marster—for he never knowed nobody f’um dat day ter de day he died. He wuz stark mad, chile, an’ Unc’ Peter had ter nuss an’ watch him lak er chile, an’ ter de las’ he wuz talkin’ ’bout de ‘honor uv de fam’ly.’ But Miss Bell wuz de one to break my heart. She des set on de cap’n’s grabe, day in an’ day out, an’ wouldn’ say nuffin’ ’cep’in’ sometimes she’d sing; but den I had ter go whar I couldn’ hyar her. Hit wuz de lonesomes’ soun’in’ singin’ I ever hyard, an’ I couldn’ stan’ it. You see, Miss Isabel wuz de light uv my eyes, an’ she wuz all I had, an’ I wuz all she had, ’cep’in’ Marse George an’ her Gran’pa, an’ when she los’ bofe uv dem, she seem ter fergit her po’ ole Mammy. She des set dar fixin’ flowers all de time, an’ she eat so little, she des starve ter def. Yassum, ter be sho’ she died—dey all died—but when my baby went, de light went out, an’ my trouble done come. Hit looked lak all de birds,



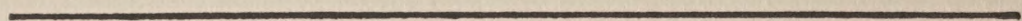
## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

an' all de sunshine an' all de flowers done gone wid 'er, an' nuffin' but darkness done settle over de lan'. I goes ter de grabe-yard an' 'ten's ter de grabes, an' sometimes I seem ter hyar dat chile singin' in de magnolia-tree, lak she sunged when er chile, an' den I seem ter hyar 'er singin' dat lonesome way lak she wuz er singin' fer her daid love—on his grabe—an' sometimes I seem ter see her stan'in' dar fixin' flowers ergin an' I kin hyar her des as plain sayin', 'Sleep well, sleep well, sweet be dy rerpose.' Den she disappears, an' I don' hyar nuffin' mo' twell she come ergin. Ef you will come an' see me some evenin' ergin, honey, jes' erbout dark, I will show you de grabe-yard, an' maybe you kin hyar de sperit uv dat chile, singin' dat grabe-song, 'Sleep well, sweet be dy rerpose.' ”





# Uncle Tom's Matrimonial Difficulties









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## Uncle Tom's Matrimonial Difficulties

THERE was a shuffling sound at the door, a sound as of many feet in restless collision trying in vain to extricate themselves from each other. But, indeed, it was only a single pair, and such a pair! The plantation shoemaker had never been able to give a number to the last for Uncle Tom's shoes; it was called simply "Uncle Tom's big las'"; and though plantation brogans had long since given place to "store boots," Uncle Tom still patronized the shoemaker "wid de big las'," for store shoes were impossible for his "tremendous understanding." A new pair of these miniature gunboats adorned the feet of Uncle Tom as he mounted the steps of the mansion on the present occasion. He was trying vainly to tread lightly and to keep back the squeaking as he turned the door-knob of the house of Mr. John Fairfax, the son of his old master, now at rest.

Mr. Fairfax had said "come in" repeatedly, and yet many minutes went by before Uncle Tom seemed to be able to manage his newly broganed



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

feet or to make use of his equally big hands for unlatching the door. With a much confused air and many apologies for the late interruption, the old man pulled his forelock, cleared his throat, and stood like a culprit before the bar of justice.

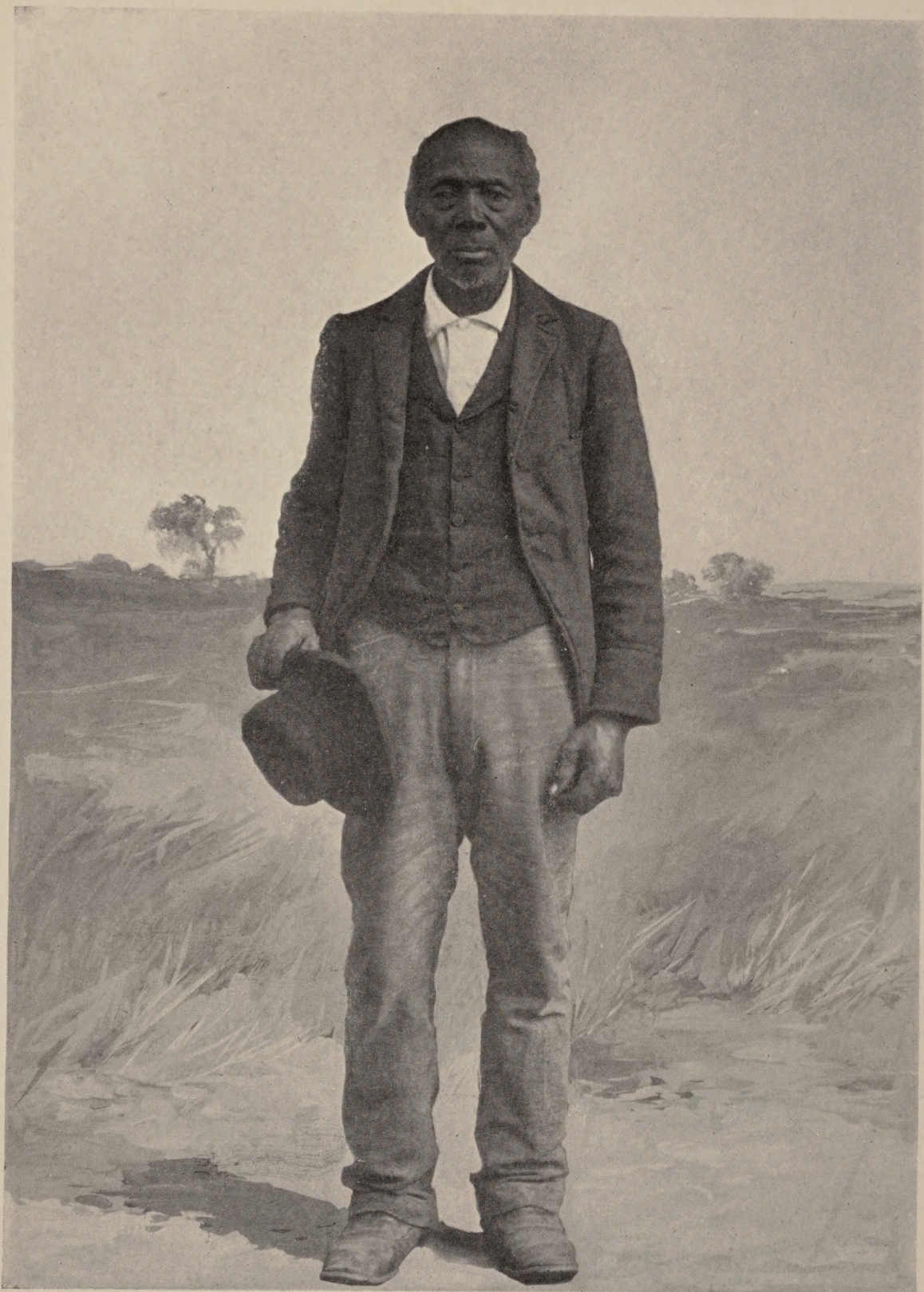
“Well, Uncle Tom,” said the young lawyer, wondering at the old man’s embarrassment, “what can I do for you this evening?”

“Ef you please, Marse John,” the old man replied, gratefully, “I is come fer ter speak wid you on de cur’ous axions uv Aunt Becky.” Mr. Fairfax had risen, and, taking a glass from the table of his study, filled it from a sparkling decanter and handed it to his father’s faithful coachman of past days.

“That will help you to brace up, Uncle Tom,” he remarked. “You seem a little upset this evening.”

“Yas, sir, I is, thank you, thank you, Marse John; I is ve’y much obleeged ter you fer dis dram, sir, fer I is powerful wor’ied dis ebenin’, an’ dat’s how come I is hyar ter ax yo’ invice. Lawdy, Marse John, dis do tase lak ole times—I feels better a’ready, thanky, sir, thanky. What dat you say, Marse John? Who Aunt Becky? She’s my wife, Marse John, an’ I calls ’er Aunt Becky kase





*“I is cum fer ter speak wid you on de cur’ous axions  
uw Aunt Becky”*







## TOM'S MATRIMONIAL DIFFICULTIES

I had growed up ter call 'er dat 'fo' I ma'ied 'er, an' I does so yit out uv 'spec' ter 'er aige.

“ You see, Marse John, I is bin in de ma'iage business more'n onct. De fus' time I got ma'ied I tuk de bes' lookin' yaller gal on de plantation, an' we wuz gittin' 'long well 'nuff twell dat long-laiged banjo-picker, Ned Wilkins, come erlong, an' de fus' thing I knowed, Nancy (yas, sir, dat wuz her name) done 'loped off wid Ned. Well, de nex' time I ma'ied I tuk de blackes' gal I could fin', an' she would 'er done mighty well but she tuk an' died an' lef' me wid ten chillun ter keep keer uv, an' de younges' one jes' a baby; so I looked erroun' fer ter s'ply 'em wid er mammy, an' in two weeks' time I axed a mejum colored gal, des half yaller an' half black, an' she 'cepted me ve'y willin', but f'um de *fus' day* she an' de chillun couldn' 'gree. Dey fit an' dey fought an' made things so lively 'roun' de house, I was jes' 'bleeged ter stay 'way all I could.

“ An' one day when I git home, I found dat Tildy (yas, sir, dat wuz *her* name) done pack her things an' lef' me an' ma'ied somebody else. So dar I wuz, Marse John, in er bad fix ergin, an' had ter turn my 'tention ter de sitywation, so I des' made up my mine ter let de young gals erlone, an'



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

ter git one ole 'nuff ter ten' ter her business an' de chillun an' not be lookin' at de odder mens.

“ I looked all 'roun', but dar wa'n' no one what I seem ter set my fancy on. No, sir, na'y one. So one day Br'er Simon call my 'tention ter *Aunt Becky*. He say how dat Aunt Becky would suit de 'casion fus' class. Dat she wuz er fine cook an' de bes' han' on de place fer raisin' chillun, do' she ain' never is had none uv her own. Kase you know, Marse John, no one ain' never axed her ter de altar befo'. Hit tuk me mighty nigh a week ter settle de matter in my own mine, kaze Aunt Becky ain' much ter look at noways, but de chillun fret me so, I made my mine up ter shet my eyes an' *take 'er*.

“ An' f'um de ve'y fus', Marse John, de house look lak bran' new. De ole soul seem so grateful fer ter git ma'ied, she seem ter git young, an' she an' de chillun took ter one nurr f'um de start. Marse John, Aunt Becky is sutny done well by de chillun. She done riz eve'y one uv um up, an' larnt 'um how ter cook an' clean an' do mos' eve'ything, an' she sutny is bin er good cook. I ain' had no fault ter find kase de greens was so good an' greasy hit makes my mouf water ter des talk erbout 'um. But you see, Marse John, de chillun is all growed up now an' mos' uv 'um is done ma'ied an' lef', an'



## TOM'S MATRIMONIAL DIFFICULTIES

Aunt Becky she ain' es young es she wuz, an' she boss me so; de long an' short uv it is, I is fixin' fer ter git me an'urr wife. No, sir, Marse John, I ain' shame': de white folks does dat way, an' we is free ter git 'vorcements too, but you see Aunt Becky she is onreasonable; she is actin' mos' on-grateful an' scand'lous.

"She is done got eve'y one uv my chillun sot ag'in me an' dey th'eaten ter conger de gal what I got in my mind, an' say how dey gwine hab me 'rested an' put in jail. I never had so much trouble sence I wuz born, an' I come ter see ef you can' he'p me out. Yas, sir, Marse John, I is putty hard gone on Fanny (dat's *her* name); she's sich er likely gal an' es frisky es er young sheep, an'—an'—I can' sleep fer thinkin' 'bout her. I done buy 'er de reddes' caliky frock I kin fine in de sto'; hit fairly put yo' eyes out ter look at it, hit so red; an' I is done got her er ring wid de bigges' glass set in it I could fine in de town. Hit cos' me two bits in silber.

"I done tole Aunt Becky dat I would let 'er keep de spinnin' wheel an' de new cyards an' de new sifter, an' eve'ything mos', an' dat she could live in de shed room an' he'p wid de work. But de way she rar' an' charge hit ain' safe ter be in de house



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

wid her, so I done 'cided ter leave 'er an' de chil-lun—dem what ain' ma'ied—an' I is gwine ter live wid Fanny's folks. What dat you say, Marse John? Git 'vorcement? Yas, sir, dat's what I'm hyar fer dis minit, so she can' have me 'rested an' put no conger on Fanny. Bless de Lawd, Marse John, I knowed you could fix it. Yas, sir, I'll call ergin nex' week, yas, sir. Thanky, Marse John, I gwine see de Jedge tomorrer ef I live."

A week after, the same shuffling sound announced another visit from Uncle Tom, who, looking sadder and more perplexed, excused himself by saying:

"Jes' er word, Marse John, ef you please, sir. I is come ter tell you 'bout de way *Fanny* done serve me. Des' es soon es she git her han's on dat caliky frock an' de ring wid de big set, she done sont me 'er imperdent letter what Uncle Simon done spell out ter me. It say dat she an' dat good-fer-nothin' Andy done run erway an' git ma'ied. Dat all she wanted wuz ter git de red frock an' de ring, dat she ain' had no notion uv ma'in' her gran'pa ef her gran'pa did marry his gran'ma, an'—an'—an'—she's done lef' me an' I is mos' 'stracted.

"I done see de Jedge an' wuz 'rangin' fer de 'vorcement papers an' de lisum, an' I is even paid de preacher in ervance, an' now she won' hab me.



## TOM'S MATRIMONIAL DIFFICULTIES

But dat ain' de wors'. I 'spected ter git ma'ied dis ebenin', an' I done move over ter Fanny's people, an' sence Fanny done run erway, dey is turnt me out an' I ain' got no whar ter go, an' I is in a wors' fix dan ebber.

"I went back ter my own home, an' bless de Lawd! Aunt Becky done lock an' bar de do' on me, an' she an' de chillun all inside dar larffin' at me, an' say dey ain' gwine le' me come home no mo'; dat dey'll hab me 'rested ergin ef I breaks de do' open an' will scald me wid hot water, an' dey is actin' mos' scan'lous, an' I is come ter see ef dar ain' no other paper what I kin sign dat kin he'p me out an' make Aunt Becky berhabe herse'f an' le' me come home. Lawd, Marse John, what makes you larf so? I is so miser'ble! Ef you will jes' he'p me out onct mo', I gwine fotch you de bigges' water-million I kin raise in my patch nex' year, an' de fus' possum what go up de 'simmon tree dis fall.

"Yas, sir, I promise! Yas, sir, I sutny swear I gwine let 'lone gittin' ma'ied ergin an' jes' try ter make out wid Aunt Becky to de een, fer she sutny is er good cook.

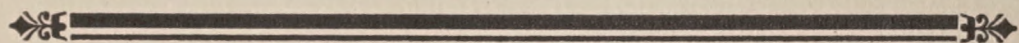
"I knowed you'd fix it, Marse John, for I hyar tell dat you lawyers kin fix sich matters any way de men wants, an' dat how come I ter talk wid you.



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

“You gwine see Aunt Becky? Yas, sir, I’ll—I’ll give you my word, I’ll stick ter ’er ef it kills me. Dat I will. Thanky, Marse John, thanky, sir. I sho’ gwine ’member dat water-million an’ dat possum.”





# Ole Bline Hannah









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## Ole Bline Hannah

**A**UNT HANNAH RANDALL, or "ole bline Hannah," as she was called, was said to be a witch. At any rate, she could "conger" people and put them under "spells," and even though totally blind and completely helpless from the effects of rheumatism and old age, everybody on the plantation was afraid of her. Aunt Hannah lived alone in her own cabin, having outlived her husband and all of her children; the latter, however, died while young. There were some who whispered that Aunt Hannah had not taken care of them as she should have done and was in some way responsible for their early departure from this world. But no one dared to breathe it aloud for fear of being congered. Though alone and without a family to care for her, blind Hannah lived better than anyone else on the place. She called on anybody and everybody for whatever she wanted. At first her helplessness had appealed to the tender hearts of the negroes, and coupled with the influence she held over their superstitious natures by her accredited powers of witchcraft, the old crone soon realized the importance of her position



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

and ruled her subjects with a rod of red-hot iron. Her wants and demands were made too in the form of prognostications. She would sing out so all could hear her, "Sis' Becky gwine bring my brekfas' in de mornin'; I sees fried chicken, an' I smells fatty bread."

That was no less than an order for breakfast—and no one dared to forget the notice. In the same way, she would sing out (if she heard footsteps passing): "Sis' Tildy gwine scrub an' clean my house fer me ter-day—an' I see Sis' Mandy mendin' up my clo'es—an' I smells fresh buttermilk f'um de house." It is needless to say that the news was carried around the quarters at once, and even a message was sent to "de house" to tell Mrs. Randall that blind Hannah wanted buttermilk. In that way the old woman was fed, clothed, and kept clean. Her bucket was always filled with fresh water from the spring, and her yard was kept swept cleaner than any other in the quarters. In the evening, Aunt Hannah always had a gathering of friends in her cabin. Everybody wanted to hear Aunt Hannah talk. Her "experiences" were a never-ending source of wonder and her visions the most mysterious ever heard of. And then again the fear of spells of "conger" which she some-



## OLE BLINE HANNAH

times cast over those undutiful to her, charmed many a one to her circle who would have gladly stayed away.

But Aunt Hannah was quick to ask, "Whar is Sis' Lucy?" or "Whar is Br'er Jake?" And if "Sis' Lucy" or "Br'er Jake" were to be taken unexpectedly with a chill, or have a little mishap of any kind, it would immediately be rumored that "ole bline Hannah done cas' er spell on 'em, kaze dey didn' go ter see her." And so it was, that while despising her and afraid of her, the entire plantation was at her feet in abject slavery.

Her domineering selfishness was almost unbearable at times, and many a rancoring heart wished her in the other world, and especially the hearts of the plantation children. They couldn't do anything without some interference from old Hannah, and they dared not "sass" her for fear of "de spell."

Poor "Little Joe" hated her most of all. One day he came from a long day's fishing with his one treasured prize tucked inside his ragged jacket, for Aunt Hannah could *smell* if she couldn't see, and so he held it tightly *inside* and skirted the cabin of the witch to the very bottom of the garden, and was creeping by to his home a few cabins



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

away, when his poor little heart stood still as the well-known screech of the old crone called out,

“Is dat you, Joe?”

The cracking of a tiny twig underfoot had betrayed “Little Joe,” even though creeping by with his most cautious tread.

“Is dat you, Joe?” she called out again. “How many fish you got dar?”

Now Joe had never mentioned his intention of going fishing, and his woolly naps would have stood up on end had it been possible for them to unkink, for it was a terrible mystery to him how Aunt Hannah could have detected his tread and the fact of his having gone fishing when he had told no one, not even his Mammy, and when he had so carefully held his prize under the ragged jacket on the further side from Aunt Hannah’s direction.

“Little Joe” stood still at the question, a chilly sensation ran up and down his back—while his wool, as before stated, felt a strong desire to unkink.

“I—I—des got *one*, Aunt Hannah, an’—an’ I wuz bringin’ it ter you for yo’ supper,” he replied as soon as he could catch breath.

“Dat’s er lie,” Aunt Hannah responded. “I know dat’s er lie, fer I hyeard you sneakin’ by,





*Poor little Joe*







## OLE BLINE HANNAH

tryin' ter make b'lieve 'twarn' eben you. I kin hyar an' kin smell ef I *is* blin'. Jes' you bring 'im here an' Ma'y Jane—yas, I sees Ma'y Jane fryin' 'im fer me right now. What kine uv er fish is it? ”

“ Hit's er cat-fish, an' hit's er big one at dat,” said Joe with an effort at being polite.

Aunt Hannah took hold of the sticky thing and smelled it closely and carefully.

“ Whar dat *scur'l* I smells dat's been 'long side uv dis fish? ” she exclaimed. “ 'Tain' no use fer ter lie, kaze I knows you'se got 'im tucked erway in yo' pocket.”

“ Hit ain' no 'count,” Joe answered, feebly. “ Hit's des er young one.”

“ Hit's good 'nough fur *me*,” replied Aunt Hannah. “ Des you han' 'im out, an' I see Ma'y Jane bilin' 'im right *now* wid some new I'sh taters. I 'low I gwine git er good game feas' fer onct.”

Joe was choking with inward rage and grief—his childish disappointment was so mingled with indignation that he could hardly control the sobs that rose to his throat. He dared not, however, show the slightest hesitation, and so pulling out the tiny squirrel which he had tucked even more closely



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

away, he handed it over to the woman and bravely whistled as he walked away for fear Aunt Hannah would divine his feelings and cast a spell on him. He stopped at Mary Jane's to say "ole bline Hannah." That was notice enough to Mary Jane, for she well knew it to be a "comman' f'um de witch," and so she immediately went to receive her orders about cooking the "game feas'."

Mary Jane was one of the motherly matrons of the quarters. She was good-natured, kind-hearted—and fat. She was a good cook and she loved to eat. She was ever willing to prepare a meal for the witch, as she generally got a bite for herself. She hurried along to do the bidding, while poor Little Joe trudged sadly homeward.

"I wish de debble would ketch 'er," he remarked as he flung himself down on his Mammy's cabin floor.

"De debble wouldn't hab 'er," his Mammy replied, for Aunt Nancy divined that something was the matter with Little Joe, and she needed no explanation of the cause of his grief, after he made the remark.

Nobody but the "witch" ever molested her crippled boy—for Joe was a small hunchback—and that was the cause of his being called "little."



## OLE BLINE HANNAH

“What ’id she git out’n you *dis time*, Joe?” asked the mother, with a tender solicitude in her voice.

“De onl’es’ fish I kotch an’ de onl’es’ sкур’l” sobbed the boy.

“Dat *do* seem hard,” remarked Aunt Nancy. “But I reckon dar’s mo’ fish in de creek, an’ mo’ sкур’ls in de trees; an’ de nex’ time you mus’ des cut ercross de bottom an’ come up dis een uv de quarters—den she kyan’ smell ’um.”

“Dat’s des’ what I done,” sobbed Joe, still bitterly crying. “I crope by des es still es er mouse, but Aunt Hannah gwine hyar you no matter how still you is. I des hope dem fish-bones will choke ’er ter def!”

“You gwine git congered, fus’ thing you know, boy. Ole bline Hannah ain’ no witch fer nuffin’—you better look out what you say ’bout ’er. Dar comes Unc’ Sy, right now. You’d better shet yo’ mouf, I kin tell you.”

“How you do, Br’er Silas!” she exclaimed cordially as Uncle Sy stepped briskly and suddenly up to the door-step.

“I is well myse’f, thank you—how you do, Sis’ Nancy,” he replied, politely. “What dat I hyar? Who dat? Dat you, Joe? What de matter?”



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

You ain't sick, is you?" he asked kindly, seeing the child in tears.

"No, sir," replied Joe, "but I ain' ve'y powerful well, Unc' Sy. I is been in de hot sun all day."

"Well, you better take my in-vice an' stay out'n de sun all you kin dis season, fer de chills is er gittin' mighty bad, I hearn tell," said Uncle Silas.

Little Joe grew more quiet as he stretched himself on the floor and kept his eyes shut as he lay there thinking.

Uncle Silas glanced at him every now and then, for he was very fond of the boy. He leaned back in the best split-bottom chair, and conversed with "Sis' Nancy" while she patched away on Joe's Sunday breeches, quite cheerfully, considering the size of the patches and the number of the holes.

All of a sudden Uncle Silas cleared his throat quite hastily as if suddenly remembering what had brought him to the cabin.

"I declar," he exclaimed, "I is done cl'ar forgot to tell you 'bout Sis' Hannah, Sis' Nancy. Is you hyard de news?"

"Hyard what news? What is you talkin' 'bout, Br'er Sy?" asked Sis' Nancy.

"Why, de ole bline sister is erbout ter choke ter def wid er bone in 'er frote, I hyard tell es I come



## OLE BLINE HANNAH

erlong, an' Marse Tom is done come over wid de toof pinchers, fer ter pull it out, but he can' git er hol' uv it, an' I spec' we gwine hab er fun'al."

Poor Joe! he was not responsible for the smile of satisfaction that lit up his ugly little black face. He turned his head so that Uncle Silas wouldn't observe the effect of his words.

"I 'clar' ter goodness!" exclaimed Aunt Nancy, "I 'clar' ter goodness—dat look lak er conger, Br'er Sy."

"Hit sho' do," replied her guest. "Hit sho' do, an' I wouldn' lak ter be de one ter conger de witch, kaze ef she lives, she'll put de wus' spell on *dem*, an' ef she dies, her sperit gwine ter ha'nt 'um fer de res' uv dar days."

The smile died out of Little Joe's features; he turned first cold, and then hot, and then began to shake with a chill.

"What's de matter, Joe?" asked the mother, seeing an unusual agitation in the little limp figure on the floor. "What's de matter, honey?"

"I wishes I nebber had er gone fishin'," sobbed the boy. "I never meant no wrong an' I nebber 'grudged Aunt Hannah ef I was mad."

"Wuz dat you what gib 'er de fish, Joe?" asked Uncle Sy, bending over the boy. "Well, le' me tell



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

you, sonny, what's er fac'. Hit ain' yo' fault an' hit ain' you what is congered Aunt Hannah; dat fish wuz de caus' uv de conger—kaze she nebber had no biz'niss takin' hit erway f'um er hunchback ef she is bline, an' whoever it is what's done congered Sis' Hannah ain' got no grudge 'ginst you. So you needn' be 'feer'd."

The comforting words acted like a charm on Little Joe. He sat up with a hopeful, happy look on his face.

"Den I hopes she'll die sho'," he exclaimed. "Unc' Sy, dat fish wuz de putties' fish I ever kotch, an' dat squ'r'l wuz de fattes' squ'r'l I eber seen." The memory of his disappointment brought the tears again to the surface.

"Dat's er unfergibin' sperit, Joe," remarked Aunt Nancy. "We mus' fergibe, ef we eber 'spec's ter be fergiben. I prays dat de Lord will hab mussy on her soul, fer Sis' bline Hannah has been er miz'ry ter de plantation long 'nough—an' I hopes de Lord gwine ter take 'er an' hab mussy on 'er soul."

"Dat's what we all hopes," remarked fat Mary Jane, who arrived at the door just as Aunt Nancy made her last remark. "Dat's what we all hopes, an' I is come ter tell you dat Sis' bline Hannah is



## OLE BLINE HANNAH

done choked ter def, an' we hopes de Lord gwine hab mussy on 'er soul.

"Br'er Sy," she continued, "you is invited ter de 'settin'-up.' Marse Tom is done loant us two gre't big silber dollars fer ter lay on 'er eyes—kaze dey half open an' ain' shet good; and Miss Sally done sont us er nice new nightgown fer de *swoud*."

"We is done laid 'er on de coolin' boa'd an' I'se done put de coffee on ter bile—an' so des' es soon es you gits ready, you an' Sis' Nancy kin jine us fer ter set up at de watchin'. Hit's gwine ter be de bigges' fun'al ever seed in de quarters, fer nobody ain' gwine risk bein' congered by stayin' erway, I kin tell you."

The removal of blind Hannah was a relief and a rest to the whole plantation, notwithstanding which fact the funeral was the biggest and the weeping the loudest ever known or heard in the quarters.

It seemed impossible to make grief enough over the departed sister. But gradually the loud laments over her sorrowful end ceased and the restless dread of her "conger," and the "spells" it was feared she had left, disappeared from the minds of the superstitious.

Little Joe got well of the chills which had really



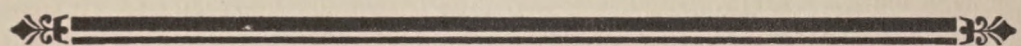
## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

taken hold of him on the day of the fishing, and even became venturesome enough to speak of his "las' gif' ter Aunt Hannah."

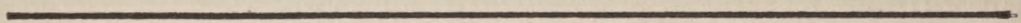
In this way, perhaps, the death of the old witch became associated with Joe's "las' gif'" and the cripple boy became in consequence a greater favorite than ever on the plantation. No one ever bothered the little humpback again, and there was always a kind word of welcome when it was announced, "Dar comes Li'l Joe whose fish-bone done kill ole bline Hannah."

The two silver dollars which Marse Tom donated to help close the eyes of the old woman were given to Little Joe, as a compensation, we presume, for the loss of the fish that proved so effectual in its sad mission. Little Joe kept the two great big silver dollars tied in an old rag around his neck, and whenever he felt particularly friendly he would display his hoarded fortune and tell you about his "las' gif'" and how the money had been "giv' him by Marse Tom fer ter keep in 'membrance uv ole bline Hannah."





“Er White Horse Turnt  
Loose”









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# “Er White Horse Turnt Loose”

## A PLANTATION SERMON

*Preached in the Bethlehem Chapel, Near Greensboro, Ala.*

“**D**E tex’ uv my summon dis ebenin’, is tex’ number two uv de Reberlations:

“ ‘Er white horse turnt loose in hebben an’ de reins thow’d ober his naked, an’ you kin hyar de soūn’ uv his hoofs echoin’ ter Goshum.’

“ My Bredren’, I know you all ain’ gwine be satisfied wid my preachin’ ter-night, fur I is sufferin’ wid de ho’seness uv my th’oat, kaze I done preached at Cedarhill las’ night, an’ night befo’; so you kin see, dat I is putty well wo’ out. Now, my Bredren an’ my Sistren, John, he was de great *Revealer*. Ef de Lord hadn’ said, ‘John, seal up and don’t write no mo’,’ I am satisfied dat we’d er knowed de ve’y hour, yas, my Bredren, de ve’y *minit*, we wuz gwine ter die.

“ Now, de Lord, he mounted de horse wid de seven horns an’ rode thoo de streets uv hebben, an’ I see er th’one wid fo’ an’ twenty Elders er settin’



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

roun' an' I hyar de beas' hoofs echoin' thoo de streets unter Goshum.

"Now, my Bredren, Gawd He made all de beas'es an' things, an' He put man on de ve'y top uv de ladder, an' he wuz de mos' disobedient uv 'em all. He made man wid two hund'ed an' eight bones an' forty-th'ee element'ry sounds, an' th'ee senses, an' He completed man by makin' him de third pusson in de Trin'ty.

"An' es de beas' rode on de white horse, wid de reins thow'd over his naked, an' his hoofs echoin' ter Goshum, he seen de two hund'ed an' eight bones, an' de forty-th'ee element'ry sounds, an' de th'ee senses.

"My Bredren, hit would be onpossible fer us ter pictur' in our min's how dem 'Postles an' saints uv de ole times suffered.

"Dem folkses what lived in dem times comed erlong one day, dey did, an' went up ter ole Br'er Thomas wid er tommyhock in dar han's, an' dey say, 'Ole Thomas, what def does you wan' ter die?' An' Ole Thomas, he say, 'It don' make no diff'ence ter me how I dies. I jes' as soon die by de tommyhock es any 'urr way;' an' my Bredren, dey tommyhocked Ole Thomas ter def an' dey kilt him. Den dey comes up ter ole Br'er Peter an' say,



## “ER WHITE HORSE TURNT LOOSE”

‘What def does you wan’ ter die?’ an’ Ole Peter, he say, ‘I don’ keer; hit don’ make no diff’ence ter me how I dies.’ An’ dey kilt Ole Peter.

“Den dey comes up ter John, de Revealer, an’ ast him, ‘What def does you wan’ ter die?’ An’ Ole John say he wuz ready ter go when de Lord called him.

“An’ den, my Bredren, dem peoples tuk John, de great Revealer, an’ dey flung him into er pot uv bilin’ oil an’ eve’y time de great Revealer bob’d up an’ befo’ dey could push him back wid dey pitch-forks, he lif’ his voice up ter Hebben an’ say, ‘Lord, hit don’ make no diff’ence ter me how I dies.’

“But dey couldn’ kill dat gre’t Revealer, kaze while dey wan’ lookin’, Ole John lipt out uv de pot an’ runned off ter Pattymos.

“Now, my Bredren an’ Sistren, when Ole John got ter Pattymos, he seen wile beas’es tearin’ up an’ down an’ all roun’ ’im an’ he lif’ up his voice ter de Lord ag’in an’ say, ‘Lord, hit don’ make no diff’ence ter me how I dies.’

“An’ oh! my fr’en’s, de Lord he hyard Ole John, an’ he sont down er charrit wid fo’ horses, an’ cotched him by de robes, an’ snatched him right up into Hebben.



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

“ But, my fr'en's an' hearers, de short time dat John de Revealer wuz in Pattymos, he seen his bes' fr'en' ole John Bunyam.

“ Now de Revealer, he stopt fer ter see his fr'en' John Bunyam, an' dey set down on a log on de roadside an' talked erbout dat widder what lived in de Bible. My Bredren an' my Sistren, 'specially de Sistren, I wants ter pictur ter yo' min's dat ve'y widder. Her onlies' son wuz gwine ter be hung, an' she begged 'um not ter kill 'im; but dey pay no 'tention ter her, so she runned way ober ter de king, an' she runned day an' night twell she got dar.

“ An' when she got dar, she tole 'im all 'bout her son, an' he give her er stone wid his name wrote on it. Den she thanked de King an' hugged an' kist his feets.

“ An' she runned all de way back, an' she got ter de gallus an' seen her son, jes' two minits befo' de time fer him ter die.

“ An' she say, ‘ Jes' le' me kiss my son an' shuck his han's onct befo' he dies.’

“ An' she wouldn' show de stone ter any uv 'um, fer she know'd dey would take it f'um her.

“ An' she got up on de gallus wid her son an' she give him de stone wid de King's name writ on



## “ER WHITE HORSE TURNT LOOSE”

it. An’ he holded up de stone, an’ say, ‘I’s saved! I’s saved!’

“Now, my Bredren, has any uv you got dat stone in yo’ hearts, wid de King’s name writ on it? Ef you ain’, you’d better put it dar at onct.

“Oh, Almighty Gawd! We ast dee ef it is dy holy an’ ergranted will ter give us pure hearts fur Jesus’ sake, an’ lead us all back ter Jesus ef it is dy holy an’ ergranted will. An’ keep us all well ter do dy work ef it is dy holy an’ ergranted will.”

(Loud groans and “Amens” came in volumes from the aged Brethren in the left-hand corner, and tremulous wails from the Sisters, and continued rocking and swaying of their bodies.)

Brother Driver seemed to realize the deep impression which his words had made; he mopped his brow, cleared his throat, and renewed his efforts.

“O, my Bredren, I is glad ter see dat you all is wakin’ up, fur you didn’ seem ter hab no reprehension uv de trouble uv sin.

“Hit is time fur ter wake ter de fac’s ’fo’ hit gits too late.

“Now, my Bredren, dar is th’ee steps leadin’ up ter Hebben: Faif, Hope, and Cha’ity.

“Faif goes wid you thoo dis life, an’ stops



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

wid you at de grave. Hope does de same, but Cha'ity goes 'long wid you into Hebben.

"I tell you ergin, Bredren, dar is th'ee steps er leadin' into Hebben.

"Faif say, 'Enter in.' Hope say, 'Enter in.' But Cha'ity takes you by de han' an' leads you in.

"Now, Bredren, you knows I's 'parin' you fer de love-feas' we is gwine ter hab ternight."

(At this point one of the brethren came in with a bag of soda crackers and a pitcher of water for the love-feast.)

"You all puts er piece uv de braid in yo' moufs, an' takes er piece uv braid in yo' han's, an' den we all breaks it together at onct. But, my Bredren, I'm erfeared we ain' gwine ter hab much uv er love-feas' hyar ternight, fer I kin tell f'um yo' 'pearance dat my sermon ain' teched yo' hearts in de right place.

"But I is done my bes'.

"Now, my Bredren, I wants ter tell you one mo' thing, an' dat is dis: Dar is th'ee things what is necessary fer er preacher ter have fer ter preach de gospel. Knowledge in de haid, de sperit in de heart, an' money in de pocket.

"Now, I is got de knowledge in de haid, an' de sperit in de heart, but, Bredren, I ain't got no



## “ER WHITE HORSE TURNT LOOSE ”

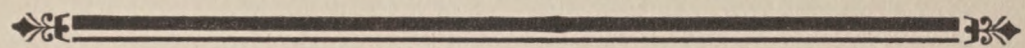
money in de pocket. I ain' er preachin' fer money; I is preachin' kaze hit's my callin', but den, Bredren, I is 'bleeged ter have dem th'ee rerquirements, an' I only calls on you fer ter s'ply me wid one uv dem.

“ I will now call fer de third rerquirement, an' I hopes you will shell out de nickels an' de dimes in Br'er Perry's hat. Br'er Perry, will you please ter step erroun' an' take up dat rerquirement comonly called de collectium. I specified de nickels an' de dimes, but dar will be no rejection uv two-bits, nurr free-bits, nurr fo'-bits—ef anybody is er mine ter gib 'um.”









Mammy Joe Tells of the  
Sinking of the Merrimac

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## Mammy Joe Tells of the Sinking of the Merrimac

A COUNTRY village in the South is especially peaceful and quiet, except perhaps on Saturdays and court days, when the negroes come to town from miles around to buy and sell and to attend court. The picture of Main Street, Greensboro, Alabama, on those days is a sight for the unbelievers; one could hardly imagine that so many mules, wagons, ox-carts, people, watermelons, and watermelon rinds could be gotten into so small a space. The road, the sidewalks, the side streets, and the stores are literally jammed.

On one occasion a crowd was assembled the like of which was never equalled in our quiet little city. It was the 5th of June, 1898; the odor of roses and honeysuckle hung heavily upon the warm summer air; the peaceful stillness was only broken by the carolling of mocking-birds among the shade trees and shrubbery. Mammy Joe was on one of her occasional visits to "Miss Ma'y."

Her arrival from the old home was always a great event, and no queen ever received a warmer



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

welcome than was accorded our faithful old nurse whenever she came. She had heard that "Miss Marfy," Miss Mary's sister, had arrived from "Noo York," so the ox-cart was hitched up and Isum and Jake had forthwith brought her to town.

"Lawd, honey," she exclaimed, as we helped her into the house; "you might er knowed you is one uv my fav'rites or you wouldn' see me takin' dis long ride ter town in dat ole rickety ox-cart. Bless de Lawd! how glad I is ter see you all ergin! Hit's good fer de sore eyes! But, chile, you ain' lookin' ve'y well; I feered you don' git de right things ter eat in Noo York. I hyar tell dey don' even know what beat biskits is up dar; an' I know dey don', kase I never seed none when me an' Mistis (yo' Gran'mar), usen ter go dar befo' de war; nuffin' 'tall but des light-braid an' rolls—not even er sign uv aig-braid; an' ef peoples don' hab good braid, dey don' hab nuffin' good.

"But, chillun," she continued, after making her expressions of happiness to each and all of us, "has you all hyard de news uptown?"

No news had been heard by the family up to that time; it was then about eleven o'clock in the morning.

"Why, chillun!" she exclaimed in astonishment



## SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC

at our having heard nothing unusual. "Why, chillun, hit's des lak Chris'mus uptown; de gent'muns is all stan'in' tergedder on de corners, an' I hyard 'um hoorayin' an' goin' on at sich er rate, hit mos' skeered me. I seed Unc' Billy comin' 'long, an' I called ter him an' axed him what on de yearth wuz de matter.

" 'Why, Aunt Joe,' he say, 'ain' you hyard de news? '

" 'No, sir,' I say. 'What news? I is des' driv' up f'um de country, an' I ain' hyard er thing 'ceptin' dat my chile done come home f'um Noo York.' Wid dat, I thought Unc' Billy would bus' open.

" 'Why, good gracious,' he say. 'Does you see dem big crowds uv people up yander an' all dem nigh de Pos' Offus? Well, Aunt Joe, dat's whar de bullion-boa'd stan's, an' de news on dat bullion-boa'd done say how dat Marse Rich Hobson is done sunk de ship f'um under his feets, an' done walked on de water lak 'Postle Peter. Yassum, dat's de fac', Aunt Joe.' An' chillun, Unc' Billy say dat Marse Rich walked on de water right over dem dinermite shells, right thoo' de bullits what was shootin' at him on de right side an' on de lef' side an' behine him an' in front uv him, an' dat Marse



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

Rich didn' pay no mo' 'tention ter 'um den ef dey was flies an' muskeeters. He des breshed dem cannon-balls off wid his han's an' walked right up ter de mouf uv dat gre't Spannum, an' ram his fis' down dat Spannum's th'oat an' done choke him ter def. Yassum, dat he did! Unc' Billy say, ' Aunt Joe, dat's what I makes out f'um what I hyars 'um say, an' I'se gwine des as fas' as I kin ter tell Miss Sally. I ain' s'prised er bit at Marse Rich,' he say, ' fer I knowed he was de braves' solger in de war,' he say, ' an' boun' ter kill dat Spannum dey been tryin' ter choke up. All dat s'prises me,' he say, ' is his workin' uv dat merricle. I done watched dat chile,' he say, ' when he wa'n' no higher dan my knee, an' I always tuck noticement dat whenever de boys played fox-an'-houn's in de grove, Marse Rich wuz always de fox. An' he heads 'um ter dis day, an' dey ain' never is gwine ketch him nurr. But Aunt Joe,' he say, ' who'd s'posed dat dat chile was gwine work er merricle an' walk on de water lak 'Postle Peter, sinkin' de ship f'um under his own feets an' not git kilt? I jes looks fer Marse Rich ter be translated, an' 'spects de nex' thing we hyar, de charrot will have tuck him up inter hebben.' "

But the news had reached " Miss Sally " long before Uncle Billy did. Telegrams were flying all



## SINKING OF THE MERRIMAC

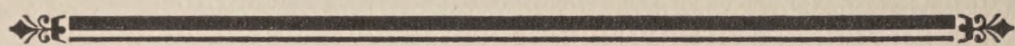
over the town before we had time to recover from the remarkable account made out from the "bul-lion-boa'd" by Uncle Billy, as related by Mammy Joe.

It did look like Christmas uptown sure enough, for the little city took on a holiday appearance. Among the rose vines over "Rose-Mary" cottage the first flags were hung. What did it matter that they bore the Southern cross of the Confederacy? They were flags—they meant life, country, heroism, and honor, and they were unfurled, for they were all that we had, and we were fain to honor the hero of our home. When the evening train came in from Selma, however, the Stars and Stripes, which had been telegraphed for, were unfurled by the side of the mementoes of the Lost Cause. The flag of the nation took on a new meaning, and for the first time since the war, the "Stars and Stripes" floated peacefully over many proud mansions and devastated Southern homes.









Mammy Tilly's Visit to  
the City

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## Mammy Tilly's Visit to the City

“**Y**ASSUM, all my white folks is moved erway—gone ter town ter be near de schools, so dey say—no money fer ter hab gub’nors an’ teachers lak dey usen ter hab. Eve’ything so changed, you know.

“Yassum, de chillun tries ter he’p me all dey kin, an’ dey pays my rent fer me now, an’ dey wanted me ter go live in town, but I des can’ leave de ole place. Seem lak hit suits me bes’, an’ den de good book say dat ‘man mus’ yearn his braid by de swift uv his eye-brows.’ I des stays hyar an’ makes my ’tater patch an’ gits erlong de bes’ I kin wid what dey does fer me.

“Sometimes I goes ter Greensboro, ter see Miss Ma’y, but I never is gwine ter de city uv Bummingham ergin es long es I live. Hit’s too unruly er place. Hit’s wus’ dan Noo York, honey. I never did see cyars runnin’ ’long widout horses hitched ter ’um, an’ spittin’ fire when me an’ Mistis usen ter go ter Noo York, an’ I never seed none in Washin’ton City nurr; but *Bummingham*, chile, is in de han’s uv de debble, sho’ es you’s born. I hope



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

Miss Sadie will come back home some day an' leave dat place. Dey tells me dat Noo York done got de same way sence de war, but I ain' been dar, an' so I don' know, but de whole worl' seem upside down sence de war. Yassum, dat it do.

"Yassum, dey wanted ter take ole Mammy Tilly erlong, but I couldn' leave de ole place nohow. I went up dar fer er time on er visit, but de 'citement uv de city wuz too much fer my rheumatiz. Sech a time es we had! Chile, I lak ter have died befo' I got back home.

"Miss Sadie got er ve'y nice house in Bummingham, but it ain' lak de mansion over dar in de grove where she usen ter live lak er queen. Hit's too close ter de neighbors, heap wors' dan Greensboro. I lak plenty uv room, honey; I'se been usen ter it all my life, an' it sutny did make me mad ter see de servants in de nex' house lookin' right square in our back do', an' watchin' eve'ything what we doin' in our house. Den ergin, you kin hyar *eve'y word dey say, an' smell eve'ything dey cook, an' see eve'ything goin' on*. No'm, I don' lak *no city*. Dar is too many myster'us things in er city, Miss Marfy. Cyars runnin' 'long, doubten horses hitched ter 'um an' spittin' fire f'um top ter bottom, an' notes an' letters on telefomes flyin' roun'





*"An' makes my 'tater patch"*







## MAMMY TILLY'S VISIT TO THE CITY

doubten no nigger ter carry 'um ter de ladies, an' de boys comin' home at night an' openin' de front do' wid er key no bigger dan de blade uv er penknife, an' nobody hyar 'um. Dem keys is myster'ous, chile, an' sometimes dey makes mischief an' trouble. One night, Marse Tommie, Miss Sadie's younges' boy, who wuz home f'um school, went out ter er dance, or somethin', an' when he come home he fotch er young gent'mun fr'en' wid him, unbeknownst ter us all. Well, dey come in wid dat *key*, an' nobody hyard 'um. Marse Tommie, he went right ter baid, but de young gent'mun what wuz wid him, say he gwine hab er smoke fus', an' so he light de cigar an' res' his feets on de mantlepiece, leans back in er big tall cheer an' starts ter read de paper. Well, Miss Sadie, she wake up an' disremembered dat she done fergit ter lock de back hall do', so 'stead uv callin' *me*, what wuz sleepin' in de nus'ry, she waked up Miss Helen an' axed her ter go downstairs an' lock de hall do'. Well, Miss Helen, she tuck de candle an' started down. When she gits ter de bottom uv de steps, she sees a bright light in Marse Tommie's room, an' she peeps in, an' bless Gawd! when she seed er strange young man settin' in dar an' de lights all up, she runs back upstairs, skeered mos' ter def, an' tol'



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

her Ma dat de whole house was filled up wid bu'glars. Den Miss Sadie called *me* ter wake up, an' we locked an' barred de room do', an' den we raise de winder an' call ter de nex' do' neighbor. Hit wuz de fus' time I ever feel reconcile ter de closeness uv de neighbors. Miss Williams she riz up her winder an' want ter know what de matter. 'Our whole house is full uv bu'glars,' Miss Sadie tell her, an' she ax her ter please sen' Mr. Williams over fer ter he'p us. But Miss Williams say dat she couldn'; dat she feared Mr. Williams would git kilt—dat she wouldn' wake him up fer de worl'. Well, honey, dar we wuz! An' ef it hadn' been fer de telefome, Gawd knows what would er 'come uv us.

“Miss Williams she say she had er telefome, so she call up de perlice departmen', an' de nex' minit mos' er hunderd perlicemens hit seem lak come rid-in' up wid drawed pistils in dey han's. Dey come in de back hall do' lak Miss Williams tole 'um, an' drawed up in line befo' Marse Tommie's do'. Well, de young gent'mun, when he hyard de fuss an' seed all dem revolvers p'inted at him, he jumped up an' dashed outen de winder, breakin' it all ter pieces, wid all de perlicemens right behine him. Dat woke Marse Tommie up; an' when he seed de buttons an'



## MAMMY TILLY'S VISIT TO THE CITY

de guns, he run ter de winder an' hollered 'Fire' des as loud as he c'd holler. De perlicemens what wuz outside, turnt on de fire-'larm, an' 'fo' dey git thoo' chasin' de young gent'mun back in de house, whar dey kotch 'im an' tie his han's, de whole fire bergade done turnt out, an' de nex' thing we knowed, de water was po'in' down de chimley an' thoo de winders, an' sich er time you never see sence you wuz born. Ef Miss Sadie hadn' reco'nize Marse Tommie holl'in' an' fightin' ter be turnt loose, dem perlicemens w'd er han'cuff' an' ca'ied him off ter de jail. Es it wuz, dey done him bad ernough. An' when we foun' out dat dey wan' no bu'glers, 'cep'in' des Marse Tom an' his fr'en', we sutny wuz mystyfied. An' hit wuz all de fault uv dem night-keys, honey. Dey ain' half so 'spectable as hit wuz when ole Marster er de boys w'd come home wid de clattin' uv horse-hoofs thoo' de grove an' de big soundin' step on de gall'ry an' Unc' Billy an' Unc' Sy ter unsaddle de horses, an' Jerryemiah dar fer ter put 'um ter bed. Dem keys is lots uv trouble. I wuz so shuck up over de 'citement I mos' died, an' de *nex' time* I des come home! Yassum, dat I did.

"Dat wuz de time when Marse Tommie had ernurr fr'en' wid him. You see, Marse Tommie's



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

room wuz on de parlor flo', an' one day ole Miss Ma'y Jane Wilkins, f'um up de country near Cracker-Nake, come ter stay all night. Well, she so ole dat Miss Sadie tole Marse Tommie fer ter sleep upstairs in de comp'ny room an' let Miss Ma'y Jane sleep down in his room ter keep her f'um goin' up de long steps. Well, chile, I fixed de room ready fer de exchange, an' Marse Tommie he went ter baid on time, but de young gent'mun he went callin'. Miss Sadie say she gwine set up an' wait fer 'im an' sen' 'im upstairs, es he didn' know erbout comp'ny bein' in Marse Tom's room. But *dat key*, chile, wuz so slick, he come in widout Miss Sadie hyarin' 'im, an' he opens de do' an' started ter baid.

"He couldn' fine er match nowhar, so he starts ter ondress in de dark, an' de fus' thing he done wuz ter kick one uv his boots off, honey, an' sling it at de baid, thinkin' Marse Tom in dar. Ole Miss Wilkins she call out, 'Who dat in hyar?' De young gent'mun didn' say nuffin', thinkin' hit was Marse Tom tryin' ter play a joke on 'im, makin' b'lieve he was a 'ooman. 'Who dat in hyar?' she call out ergin. De young gent'mun he make er fuss wid his mouf, jes' so—'coop, coop, coop.' 'Who dat, I say?' 'M-m-m-m-m,' say he, an' den



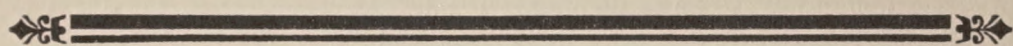
## MAMMY TILLY'S VISIT TO THE CITY

he sail de yuther boot erlong over de baid. Well, chile, Miss Ma'y Jane was mos' skeered ter def by dat time, an' de way she hollered an' de yell she done give would er raised de daid! Hit sutny did raise Marse Tommie's fr'en'. He jumped outen dat room in his night clo'es, an' met Miss Sadie an' de young ladies, an' Marse Tommie an' we-all comin' down de stairs wid lamps an' sticks ter see what de matter wid po' ole Miss Ma'y Jane Wilkins. Dat wuz ernuff fer *me*. I tole Miss Sadie I des' couldn' stan' de 'citement uv town no ways, an' so I come 'long home. Marse Tommie he fotched me all de way to de station, an' when he lef' me, he say, 'Mammy Tilly, I'll tho' 'way dat latch-key ef you'll des go back wid me ter town.' But I couldn' stan' de 'citement, so I des lives on de ole place in hopes dat de summons will come some day an' ca'y me home ter ole Mistis what's waitin' fer me in de kingdom."









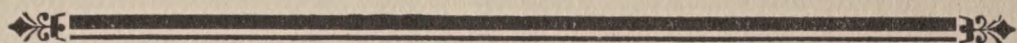
Aunt Roxy-Ann an' de  
Apple-Tree

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## Aunt Roxy-Ann an' de Apple-Tree

**D**E apple-tree, honey, is er merikle uv merikles. Hit's er tree you better not fool wid. Hit's been er gittin' people in trouble eber sence Adam steal dat fus' fruit fer Eve. One day at chu'ch, when de stracted meetin' wuz gwine on, I axed Br'er Proffit Christian whut wuz de truble 'bout dem apples, anyway.

I axed him what wuz de reason de Lawd didn' wan' Eve ter eat 'um. An' Br'er Proffit he say de reason dat de Lawd didn' wan' Eve fer ter eat 'um wuz kaze He wanted 'um fer His se'f, he say, an' ef he didn' want 'um fer His se'f He wanted 'um for somebody else, he say. But himesoever hit wuz, he say, de apple-tree is er tree ter be 'voided. In dem days I wuz des grow'd up, an' honey, I wuz mighty fon' uv fixin' up wid fine close an' outdoin' de yuther gals an' er carryin' my haid high. I didn' hab nuffin' ter do but nuss Miss Lou's baby, an' Miss Lou wuz mighty good 'bout givin' me her cas'-off hats an' things. One day she give me er fine raid velvet hat, an' de chillen had done gib me some yal-



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

ler paper flowers, an' I fixed it up fine fer ter w'ar ter de big fun'l on Sunday. You see, Aun' Neuphelia Jones had des died, an' Miss Lou sed I might go to de fun'l. I sho' wuz proud dat Sunday mornin' when I git myse'f ready ter foller de persession to the grabe. I had on all my bes' close, an' I felt as free as er jay bird in de cornfiel'.

De fun'l was de bigges' I ever seed, an' Unc' Proffit Christian he preached de summon.

De ve'y nex' day atter de buryin', Unc' Silvester Jones, de husban' uv de corpse, comed to my mammy's cabin fer ter call. Mammy she wuz down ter de spring doin' de Monday washin', an' dar wan' nobody dar but me an' Miss Lou's baby what I wuz nursin'. Well, chile, berfo' Unc' Silvester lef' he done axed me ter mar'y him. When my mammy cumed in Unc' 'Vester said ter her, "Sis' Malaria Ann," he say (yassum, dat wuz my mammy's name, Malaria Ann Johnsing). "Sis' Malaria Ann," he say, "I is done axed Miss Roxy Ann fer ter jine han's wid me dis day two weeks."

"Bless Gord," say mammy, "you is in er mighty big hurry, Br'er 'Vester. Why, Sis' Neuphelia ain' hardly cole in de grabe."

"Well, I knows dat, Sis' Malaria," he ses, "but Neuphelia is des es daid es she eber is gwine ter be,



## AUNT ROXY-ANN

an' den ergin, de preacher he sed at de fun'l dat dis life wuz short an' oncertain, an' I know'd I didn' hab no time ter lose. An' den ergin you see de ole sisters at de chu'ch will be er layin' out plans fer me ef I don' lay out plans fer myse'f an' git er haid uv 'um, an' when I seed Miss Roxy Ann at de grabe yistidy, lookin' lak er corn blossom wid de tassels all 'er silkin', I des made my mine up right den an' dar fer ter ax her ter take de place uv de deceased corpse. Why, Sis' Malaria," he say, "Miss Roxy Ann wuz de ve'y light uv de fun'l. I don' b'lieve I could er stood it if I hadn' seed her standin' dar, de one bright light in de darkness uv my trouble."

Well, honey, mammy and Unc' 'Ves' fixed it up, an' Miss Lou said she'd give me some mo' things, an' dey got me all ready fer de weddin', what tuck place de nex' Sunday week. All de yother gals wuz dat env'ous uv me dey couldn' see straight, an' I wuz so happy I des la'f all de time. Miss Lou an' Marse Jack give us er cabin all to wese'f, an' I seem so joyful an' full uv de pleasures uv de worl' I 'gun ter git skeerd dat I never would be able ter feel sorrowful ernuff ter git 'ligion an' jine de chu'ch.

So one day I made my mine up ter ax de Lawd



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

ter sen' trouble ter keep me fum gittin' too familiar wid de debbil. You see, I had de fines' close uv any gal in de congergation, an' no wuck ter do but nuss de baby an' cook fer 'Ves. I know'd I wuz too free fer er Christian. So I went down in de bottom uv de garden, whar' no one could see me, 'cep'n de Lawd, an' I git down on my knees under de big apple-tree an' 'gun ter pray. Ef I des hadn' gone ter de apple-tree, honey, it would er bin all right, but hit looked mo' ter my fancy dan de peach-tree, an' so I prayed ter de Hebbenly Father fer ter sen' me er trial uv my strenf. "Lawd," I ses, "I is er miser'ble sinner, an' too unfit fer Your kin'ness ter me. I is too happy, Lawd," I ses, "an' I wants You to please, Sir, sen' me er trial ter fetch me th'o. Sen' me trouble Lawd," I cried, "sen' me trouble! Tromp on me, beat me all ter pieces, an' mash me on de groun', Lawd, fer I wants ter prove my love ter Dee." Well, honey, de Lawd did hyar me fum under dat apple-tree, an' He sont me all de trouble I axed fer, an' He tromp on me, too.

But, chile, I didn't know dat He wuz gwine ter cum down on me wid bofe feets. No'm, I didn' spec' dat. But He did, yas, honey, dat He did. You see, I wuz under de tree uv ferbidden fruit, an'





*“Den my mammy died, an’ all I had lef’ wuz my li’l gal”*







## AUNT ROXY-ANN

He made has' fer ter punish me fer de joyments uv life.

Hit wan' no time fum de day I prayed under dat apple-tree dat 'Vester 'gun ter take up wid Penny Wilson an' my li'l gal wan' no mo dan two year ole when he done lef' me fer to lib wid 'er. Den my mammy died, an' all I had lef' wuz my li'l gal. I named her Neuphelia Malaria Roxy-Ann, fer 'Vester's fus' wife, an' my mammy an' myse'f. But she died, too, an' den I know'd dat dat apple-tree wuz de wrong tree fer ter pray under. I done cut dat tree down, honey—I cut it in de night, so nobody would know who done it, an' when I prays I 'voids de garden all I kin, an' don' go under no tree wid fruit on it. I des goes in de bushes an' de grass. Yassum, de Lawd sho' did come down on me hard, an' wid bofe feets, lak I say.

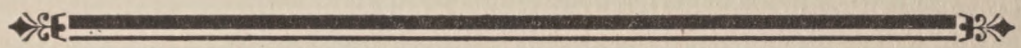
But it fotched me ter de th'one uv grace.

I don' wear no mo' raid velvet hats wid yaller paper flowers, an' I ain't gwine ter be de bride uv no mo' grooms uv er corpse.









How Sis' Mandy (an' Her  
Dog Pinchey) Got 'ligion

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## How Sis' Mandy (an' Her Dog Pinchey) Got 'ligion

**L**AW, yas, chile, to be sho' I does b'lieve dat dogs is got souls, to be sho' I does.

I never had no usen fer dogs twell I owned old Pinchey, an' dat dog, honey, is er pusson, ef sense counts fer anything wid de Lawd. An' den ergin, dat dog is er heap better dan some pussons I knows, I kin tell you.

De way I cum ter own Pinchey wuz dis:

You see de times is mighty hard down hyar in Alabama, whar de cotton don' fetch but five cents er poun', an' I is had er mighty hard time er gittin' erlong. Sometimes I kin pay de rent, an' sometimes I can't, an' sometimes I has braid in de ashes, an' sometimes I ain't.

Well, one day I was des gittin' over er spell uv de chills, an' er feelin' putty miserable an' no-'count, an' I riz outer de baid an' cum to de do' an' set down on de steps, an' 'gun ter stedly 'bout how I gwine git som'n ter eat, kaze it ain' like it usen to be befo' de wah. Ike he wuz erway pickin' cotton on de yuther side uv de creek, an' I wuz all erlone by myse'f, an' nobody fer ter he'p me.



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

I set dar sted'n 'bout what to do, an' de fus' thing I know I seed dat ve'y dog you is lookin' at stan'in' right befo' me, lookin' at me. He looked at me, an' I looked at him, an' pres'n'ly I say to 'im: "What you want hyar, dog, I ain' got nuffin fur you; you better go long to dem what you ber-longs ter." Wid dat he 'gun ter wag his li'l ole bob tail an' walk up closer ter me, an' I seed he wuz raw bonied an' hongry lookin' lak he didn' b'long ter nobody. "Whar you cum fum, dog?" I say ergin, des ter be er talkin', an', honey, ef dat dog didn' turn roun' an' look to'ds de crossroads, I ain't er settin' hyar.

I know'd right den dat he done been turnt erway by de po' niggers at de settlemint. Well, I ses out loud ergin as I set dar, "Well, dog," I ses, "you an' me is in de same fix. You is done been driv off an' Ike, my ole man, he's done gone off an' lef' me, pertendin' ter be pickin' cotton over de creek. I knows who he's wid over dar, I ses—an' he knows better dan ter cum back hyar wid his backslidin' ways. I wan' no Christian, honey, an' de chu'ch members didn't come ter look after me, kaze I wuz er dancer, an' hadn't come th'o." Well, chile, when I sed dat, dat dog looked up de road de ve'y way dat Ike would er cum, an' he wag his



## HOW SIS' MANDY GOT 'LIGION

li'l stump tail ergin an' git closer ter me dan ever.

Somehow I couldn't he'p talkin' ter dat dog, he look so knowin', an' he look so lonesome, des lak I wuz, an' I know'd he wuz bofe hongry an' not er bite did I have in de house fer ter eat. Hit 'gun ter git dark, an' so I went ter de spring an' fetched er bucket er fresh water, an' I picked up er few sticks fer ter make up er blaze fer ter see by. When I raked up de ashes an' blowed up de coles, I turned roun' an' I ses to de ole dog what wuz still watchin' uv me: "Ef you could go an' ketch er rabbit," I ses, "or er squir'l, or sum'n," I ses, "you an' me mout hab er supper," I ses. Chile, dat dog what you is lookin' at right now, what I calls Pinchey, he turns right erroun' an' walked out uv my do', lak er pusson, an' when he cum back he had er rabbit in his mouf, what he had done kotch. Yassum! I so 'stounded I fell right down flat on de flo'. But hit wan' many minnits 'fo' I wuz eatin' dat rabbit, an' Pinchey wuz eatin' uv de bones. Fum dat day me an' Pinchey is lived toge'r, an' dat dog knows ev'y word I ses ter 'im. I calls 'im Pinchey, kaze we wuz bofe in sech er pinch when he cum ter me. No'm! Ike never did cum back, an' ef it hadn't been fer ole Pinchey,



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

I'd er starve' ter def 'fo' now. Dat dog goes huntin' ev'y day uv his life. When possum season come ole Pinchey fetches possums in reg'lar, an' when rabbit season come he fetches in de rabbits an' de squir'ls an' de birds, an' sometimes dat dog fetches er chicken an' er piece uv meat somebody done give 'im roun' de settlemint somewhar. One day Br'er Rastus, de preacher, cum erlong, an' he ax me ef I wan' gwine jine de chu'ch; dat de camp meetin' wuz gwine on at de Flatwoods Chu'ch, an' he wuz hopin' I would come roun' an' perfess. Dat set me ter stedin' 'bout my sins, an' erbout jedgmint day some folks sed wuz not fur off, an' so I 'gun ter seek. I tried ter pray, an' I couldn't. I went down in de woods an' I called on de Lawd, an' He wouldn' hyar me.

One day I sey ter Pinch—yas, chile, I talk ter Pinch all de time, des de same as ef he wuz Ike—"Pinch," I say, "ef I des could git 'ligion, an' cum th'o, I wouldn' be skeered uv de debble no mo'." Pinch looked at me, but he didn' say nuffin', an' de nex' day dat dog never come back fum de woods. Fo' days went by an' Pinchey never come; all dat time I wuz still er seekin', too, dough I didn't know it. On de fourf day, I recollec' I wuz fixin' fer ter make some ley-homly. I had done





*“I stir erway, an’ I stir erway, all de time stedin’ ’bout my sins”*







## HOW SIS' MANDY GOT 'LIGION

put de pot on ter bile wid de corn an' ashes, an' wuz er stan'in' by it wid my long fire stick, stirrin' it up. I stir erway, an' I stir erway all de time stedin' 'bout my sins, an' 'bout de way Ike done treat me, an' bymeby, while I wuz stan'in' dar, Pinchey cum in fro' de do' an' laid down on de ha'f an' watched me. Presen'ly all uv er suddent, I gun ter feel de sperit uv peace move in my heart, an' I hyard som'n speakin' ter me fro' de chimly. Hit sey, "Sis' Mandy, don' grieve no mo', repent fum yo' sins an' come th'o." Den I 'gun ter feel happy, an' de nex' minnit I feel myse'f bendin' dis way an' dat way wid 'motion. Den I 'gun ter shout, chile, twell de ve'y flo' seem ter be er shoutin' wid me. All dat time Pinchey set dar lookin' at me an' whinin', but bymeby, dat dog couldn't resis' de sperit what wuz on us, an' 'fo' de Lawd ef he didn' git up off de ha'f an' 'gin ter shout right wid me. De mo' I shout, de mo' he shout, twell we bofe git wo' out fer de want uv strenf ter shout wid. Dat night, honey, I went ter meetin' fer de fus' time since Ike lef' me. I went right up ter de moaners' bench, me an' Pinchey, an' when Br'er Rastus, de preacher, comed down fum de flat-form fer ter hyar my spe'ance, I tole 'im 'bout Pinchey, an' how me an' Pinchey done bofe come th'o tog'er.



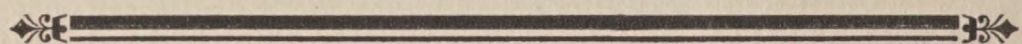
## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

No, chile, I ain' no Mef'dis, I is er Baptis' ter my skin, an' when Br'er Rastus 'mersed me in de creek, I ses ter 'im dat I want 'im ter baptize Pinchey 'long wid me. He say, "Sis' Mandy," he say, "I kyarn' take de 'sponsibility uv baptizin' dat dog. I ain' doubtin' but dat he is rightly come th'o, but den I ain' never is baptized no dogs, an' I don' lak ter bergin now."

"Br'er Rastus," I say, "ef you don' baptize my dog wid me, you will hab er wuss 'sponsibility restin' on yo' soul dan I would lak ter hab restin' on mine," I say.

Well, honey, dat dog hyard ev'y word I sed, an' he know'd des what ter do, fer de Sunday dat I went in de creek I felt som'n pull me des as I come up fum under de water, an' 'fo' de Lawd dar wuz Pinchey done baptize hisse'f right erlong wid me. Yassum, hit's des lak I tell you. Dat dog got sense lak er pusson, an' me an' Pinch is bofe Christians, an' we bofe 'spec' ter live ergin when we dies.





# Mammy's Receipt for Mak- ing Alabama Velvets

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## Mammy's Receipt for Making Alabama Velvets

**L**AWD, chile! you ax me how ter make  
Dat li'l velvet batter cake.  
Why, Honey, hit's er magic art,  
What comes right f'um yo' Mammy's heart.

You takes er loaf uv braid dat's *stale*,  
An' den de velvets cannot fail;  
You puts it in er pau'clin pan  
An' covers wid hot milk at han'.

You mus' not use no stuff ter rize,  
No powder what you puts in pize;  
Des take two aigs an' beat 'um well,  
An' when de braid begins ter swell

You peels de crus' what's brown an' hard,  
An' adds er pinch uv flakey lard,  
Or butter, what I mos'ly use,  
An' salt, ter give er tas'e, infuse.

Den put into de batter dough  
A li'l flour, white es snow;



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

Den take yo' spoon an' *beat* an' *beat*  
For dat's what makes 'um good ter eat.

Now, when de dough gits sof' es cream,  
So smooove an' velvety hit seem,  
You puts it in er li'l cake  
Right on de fryin' pan ter bake.

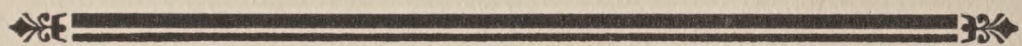
Hit only takes er minit's time  
Ter make 'um crisp an' brown an' fine;  
An' eve'y mouf what lubs ter eat  
Gwine smack fer joy; dey tas'e so sweet.

Ain' nuffin' on dis yearth so gran'  
As Alabama velvets; an'  
Jes' you tas'e 'um, den you'll know  
Ole Mammy said, she *tol' you so*.

Now, wid dese 'greegints, I mus' tell  
You how ter work de magic spell,  
Fer ef ter have de right success  
An' make 'um lak ole Mammy's bes'

You sho' mus' know de conger art  
What Mammy keeps right in her heart—  
Hit's f'um de blessed scripter book—  
“ She lubs ter *eat*—*she lubs ter cook*.”





Go ter Sleep on Mammy's  
Bre's'

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# GO TO SLEEP ON MAMMY'S BRES'.

(A PLANTATION CRADLE SONG.)

Words and Music by MARTHA S. GIELOW.

The musical score is written for voice and piano. It consists of three systems of music. The first system begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 3/4 time signature. The tempo/mood is marked 'Andante espress e patetico.' The melody starts with a rest, followed by a series of eighth notes. The piano accompaniment begins with a mezzo-forte (mf) dynamic, featuring a steady eighth-note pattern in the right hand and a more complex, syncopated pattern in the left hand. The second system continues the melody with lyrics 'sigh-in' to de daylight what's dy in', Mammy's ba-by 'gins cry-in' for to'. The piano accompaniment features a 'rit.' (ritardando) marking and a 'p' (piano) dynamic. The third system includes a 'REFRAIN' section. The melody has lyrics 'rock on Mam-my'y bres,. Go to sleep, li'l ba-by, Go to sleep, li'l'. The piano accompaniment includes markings for 'rit .....', 'pp' (pianissimo), 'colla voce', 'accel' (accelerando), and 'a tempo'.

*Andante espress e patetico.* *p* When de pine trees 'gin

*mf* *rit.* *p*

sigh-in' to de daylight what's dy in', Mammy's ba-by 'gins cry-in' for to

*a tempo.*

*rit .....* **REFRAIN.** *pp* *accel* *a tempo.*

rock on Mam-my'y bres,. Go to sleep, li'l ba-by, Go to sleep, li'l

*rit .....* *pp* *colla voce.* *accel.* *a tempo,*

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seemin', In de smile what is beamin', On de babe dats now dreamin', Fas' er -

*a tempo.*

REFRAIN. *pp* *accel.* *ppp*

sleep on Mammy's bres', Go to sleep li'l ba - by, Go to sleep, li'l

*pp* *colla voce.* *accel.* *a tempo.* *ppp*

*8va* .....

*rit.*

ba - by, Go to sleep on Mammy's bres'.

*loco.*

*perpendosi. . . . .*

*p*

1 2

Go to sleep. 4-4.



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## Go ter Sleep on Mammy's Bre's'

**W**HEN de pine trees 'gin sighin'  
Ter de daylight what's dyin',  
Mammy's baby 'gins cryin'  
Fer ter rock on Mammy's bre's'.

*Chorus.*

Go ter sleep, li'l ba-by,  
Go ter sleep, li'l ba-by,  
Go ter sleep on Mammy's bre's'.

When de moonlight 'gins shinin'  
On de hearts what is pinin',  
Mammy's ba-by 'gins whinin'  
Fer ter rock on Mammy's bre's'.

*Chorus.*

Go ter sleep, li'l ba-by,  
Go ter sleep, li'l ba-by,  
Go ter sleep on Mammy's bre's'.

When de shadders 'gin tallin'  
An' de jew-draps 'gin fallin',  
Den de Angels 'gin callin'  
Ter de lam' on Mammy's bre's'.



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

### *Chorus.*

Go ter sleep, li'l ba-by,  
Go ter sleep, li'l ba-by,  
Go ter sleep on Mammy's bre's'.

'Tis de Hebben-light what's seemin'  
In de smile what is beamin'  
On de babe dat's now dreamin',  
Fas' er sleep on Mammy's bre's'.

### *Chorus.*

Go ter sleep, li'l ba-by,  
Go ter sleep, li'l ba-by,  
Go ter sleep on Mammy's bre's'.



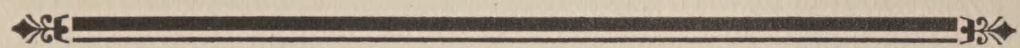


*“ Go ter sleep, li’l baby,  
Go ter sleep, li’l baby,  
Go ter sleep on Mammy’s bre’s ’ ”*

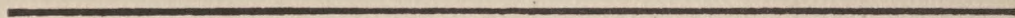








Mammy's Luck Charm fer  
de Bride









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# Mammy's Luck Charm fer de Bride

(Dedicated to a Chicago Bride.)

**H**YAR, honey, take dis little gif'  
An' place it nigh yo' heart,  
'Twill keep erway dat littl' rif'  
What causes folks ter part.

Hit's only des er rabbit-toe,  
But den, de luck it brings  
Is wuf er million dimes an' mo'  
'An *all* de weddin' rings!

Be sho' you wear it in yo' bre's',  
Pertic'lar on de day  
De preacher come ter pray an' bless  
An' jine yo' han's ter stay.

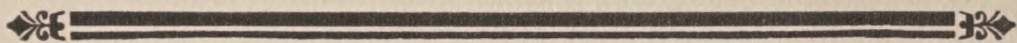
Des' keep it, honey, an' you'll fine  
Hit hol's er magic spell  
Ter make yo' lover true an' kine  
An' han'some, des es well.



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

Er rabbit foot what's congered right  
Lak dis un is, I know,  
Will make you always glad an' bright  
An' good an' putty, *sho'*.





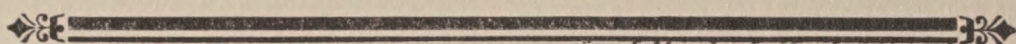
# Aig-Braid











## Aig-Braid

**L**AWD, yassum, dat's what Mistis said,  
Dat I could beat 'um all  
At makin' crus' an' biskit braid,  
An' rolls what wouldn't fall.

But le' me tell you what's de bes',  
Fer eve'ybody say  
Dat breakfas' *aig-braid* beat de res'  
Fer eatin' any day.

Why, chile, hit is de "starff uv life,"  
Dat what de Good-book tell,  
An' eve'y cook what's in de strife  
Will say so, des as well.

An' you does s'prise me when you ax  
My bes' rerceep fer *pies*!  
Why, honey, hifalutin' things  
Don' never take no prize!

Dem consequencious puffs an' cakes  
Ain' fitten fer ter eat,  
An' dem presumious tarts I bakes  
Is too pompacious sweet.



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

Don' ax me nuffin 'bout sich trash,  
Fer I's er higeen cook  
An' dat assumious puddin' hash  
Is only fer dey look.

Now ef you wants de proper dish  
Fer healf an' tas'e an' ease,  
You'll hab de *aig-braid* fer *yo'* wish,  
An' hit will sho'ly please.

You takes er pint uv Injun meal,  
An' sif' it in er pan,  
An' add er pint uv buttermilk,  
An' *fo'* aigs—ef you can.

Sometimes I uses *one* or *two*,  
But *fo'* is always bes',  
An' den you add er spoon uv lard,  
An' stir in wid de res'.

Er cup uv hom'ly what is cole  
Adds might'ly ter de tas'e,  
An' he'ps de lightness, so I's tole  
An' saves er heap uv was'e.

Er pinch uv soda in er spoon  
You puts in *wid de milk*,



## AIG-BRAID

An' beat it well till ve'y soon  
'Twill seem es smooove es silk.

You heat yo' pan twell nice an' hot,  
An' smear it well wid *grease*,  
(Er spoon uv melted lard I mean,)   
Ter brown dat aig-braid feas'.

Hit only takes er little while  
Ter bake it well an' done,  
Des twenty minits ter er smile,  
By any clock dat's run.

An' sich er breakfas' you will hab,  
'Twill fill you wid surprise,  
An' shame dem gim-crack fancy puffs,  
What's aimin' fer de prize.

Dem sickly, sweet usurpeous pies,  
Dat hashed up "tuckle" stew,  
Dem "angel cakes" I sho' despise,  
An' "Injun puddin'" too.

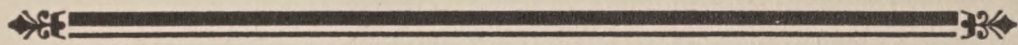
Des' gi' me aig-braid eve'y time,  
Hit's hardes', too, ter make,  
An' mighty tick'lish, you will fine,  
'Bout sp'ilin' in de bake.



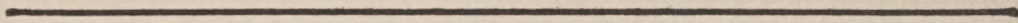
## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

Des' gi' me aig-braid eve'y time,  
Des' aig-braid night an' day,  
Dat braid usurpeous an' fine,  
What's come ter bide an' stay.





# De Chris'mus Baby









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# De Chris'mus Baby

DEDICATED TO LITTLE ROBERT JOYCE NEWHOUSE.

**H**USHER-BY an' le' me sing  
Er ole-time song uv happy joy,  
Fer Santy Claus is done an' bring  
Er precious li'l baby boy.

*Chorus.*

Halleluyah! Le' me sing  
My bes' cosanthum, des' fer joy,  
An' let dem Chris'mus chu'ch-bells ring  
Fer Mammy's li'l baby boy.

Husher-by, you blessed chile,  
Go right ter sleep, go right ter res',  
De angels up in Hebben smile  
On dy sweet face on Mammy's bre's'.

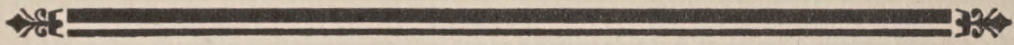
*Chorus.*

Halleluyah! Le' me sing  
My bes' cosanthum, des' fer joy,  
An' let dem Chris'mus chu'ch-bells ring  
Fer Mammy's li'l baby boy.

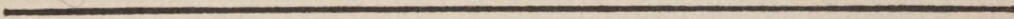








# Little Sweet Ladie









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# Little Sweet Ladie

DEDICATED TO  
LITTLE EDITH RICHMOND BARNARD.

SWEET li'l ladie,  
Expected so long,  
Come le' me hol' you  
An' sing you er song;  
All 'bout de birdies  
Way up in dey nes',  
Sweet li'l ladie,  
Come rock on my bre's'.

Sweet li'l ladie  
I'm glad you is here,  
You is so precious,  
So dainty an' dear,  
Des' lak de birdies  
Way up in de nes',  
Sweet li'l ladie,  
Come rock on my bre's'.

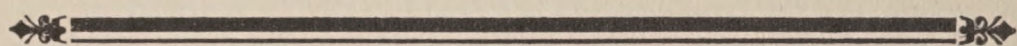
Sweet li'l ladie  
Wid hebbenly eyes,  
Smiles lak de angels  
Way up in de skies,



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

Come coo lak de birdies  
Way up in dey nes',  
Sweet li'l ladie,  
Come coo on my bre's'.





# On My Journey Home









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## On My Journey Home

**M**Y long white robe come down ter my toes,  
I'm on my journey home.  
My long white robe come down ter my  
toes,  
I'm on my journey home.

*Chorus.*

Hail! Hail! Hail!  
I'm on my journey, journey home,  
Hail! Hail! Hail!  
I'm on my journey home.

Er hebbently crown is on my haid,  
I'm on my journey home.  
Er hebbently crown is on my haid,  
I'm on my journey home.

*Chorus.*

Hail! Hail! Hail!  
I'm on my journey, journey home,  
Hail! Hail! Hail!  
I'm on my journey home.



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

Er golden harp is in my han',

I'm on my journey home.

Er golden harp is in my han',

I'm on my journey home.

### *Chorus.*

Hail! Hail! Hail!

I'm on my journey, journey home,

Hail! Hail! Hail!

I'm on my journey home.

I'll reach dat blessed res' at las',

I'm on my journey home.

De Saviour, he will hol' me fas',

I'm on my journey home.

### *Chorus.*

Hail! Hail! Hail!

I'm on my journey, journey home,

Hail! Hail! Hail!

I'm on my journey home.

Come shout, you Christians, you is free,

I'm on my journey home.

Er starry crown fer you an' me,

I'm on my journey home.



## ON MY JOURNEY HOME

*Chorus.*

Hail! Hail! Hail!

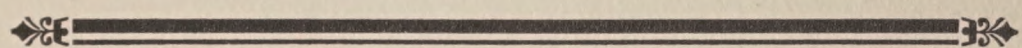
I'm on my journey, journey home,  
Hail! Hail! Hail!

I'm on my journey home.









Come Ring dem Charmin'  
Bells

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## Come Ring dem Charmin' Bells

I 'M goin' home ter die no mo',  
I'm goin' home ter die no mo',  
I'm goin' home ter die no mo',  
An' ter ring dem charmin' bells.

O! Come, my brothers,  
Ef you wants ter git ter Hebben  
Fer ter ring dem charmin' bells.

O! Come, my fr'en's, an' go wid me,  
Come, my fr'en's, an' go wid me,  
O! Come, my fr'en's, an' go wid me,  
Fer ter ring dem charmin' bells.

O! Come, my sisters,  
Ef you wants ter git ter Hebben  
Fer ter ring dem charmin' bells.

O! Won't you come an' go wid me,  
Won't you come an' go wid me,  
O! Won't you come an' go wid me,  
Fer ter ring dem charmin' bells.

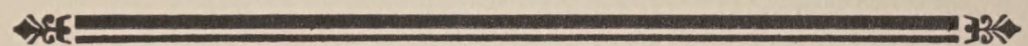


## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

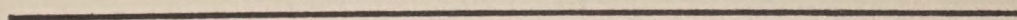
O! Come, my chillun,

Ef you wants ter git ter Hebben  
Fer ter ring dem charmin' bells.





Wheel in de Middle o' de  
Wheel









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# Wheel in de Middle o' de Wheel

**W**E see Zek'l prophetsy,  
Wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

We see Zek'l prophetsy,  
Wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

## *Chorus.*

O! wheel, wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

O! wheel, wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

Zek'l 'clar he saw de wheel,  
Wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

Gre't big wheel an' a little bit o' wheel,  
Wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

## *Chorus.*

O! wheel, wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

O! wheel, wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

Eve'y spoke wuz human kine,  
Wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

Eve'y spoke wuz human kine,  
Wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

## *Chorus.*

O! wheel, wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

O! wheel, wheel in de middle o' de wheel.



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

In de valley, 'mongst dem bones,  
Wheel in de middle o' de wheel,  
In de valley, 'mongst dem bones,  
Wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

### *Chorus.*

O! wheel, wheel in de middle o' de wheel.  
O! wheel, wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

Zek'l say will dese bones live?  
Wheel in de middle o' de wheel.  
Zek'l say will dese bones live?  
Wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

### *Chorus.*

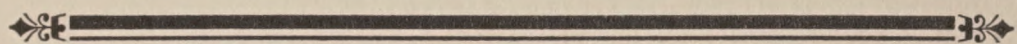
O! wheel, wheel in de middle o' de wheel.  
O! wheel, wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

Lawd, my Lawd, yas, You do know,  
Wheel in de middle o' de wheel,  
Ef dese bones will rise er no,  
Wheel in de middle o' de wheel.

### *Chorus.*

O! wheel, wheel in de middle o' de wheel.  
O! wheel, wheel in de middle o' de wheel.





# Plantation Funeral Song









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## Plantation Funeral Song

**M**Y li'l ba-by is gone,  
Is gone, is gone!  
My li'l ba-by is gone,  
Let us j'ine de social ban'.

Go all roun' an' j'ine de army,  
Go all roun' an' j'ine de army,  
Go all roun' an' j'ine de army,  
Let us j'ine de social ban'.

### *Chorus.*

My li'l ba-by is gone,  
Is gone, is gone!  
My li'l ba-by is gone,  
Let us j'ine de social ban'.

We'll see 'im ergin on Canaan's sho',  
We'll see 'im ergin on Canaan's sho',  
We'll see 'im ergin on Canaan's sho',  
Let us j'ine de social ban'.

### *Chorus.*

My li'l ba-by is gone,  
Is gone, is gone!  
My li'l ba-by is gone,  
Let us j'ine de social ban'.



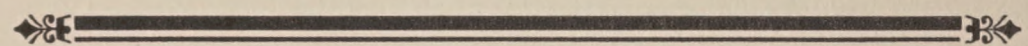
## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

He'll git ter Hebben an' tell de news,  
He'll git ter Hebben an' tell de news,  
He'll git ter Hebben an' tell de news,  
Let us j'ine de social ban'.

### *Chorus.*

My li'l ba-by is gone,  
Is gone, is gone!  
My li'l ba-by is gone,  
Let us j'ine de social ban'.





Oh, Lawd, ain' dem Lobely

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# Oh, Lawd, ain' dem Lobely

**D**E king uv de Jews he wuz Phareo,  
See all dem angels robed in white!  
Moses begged dat de Jews might go,  
See all dem angels robed in white!

*Chorus.*

Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
See all dem angels robed in white!

Phareo would not set dem free,  
See all dem angels robed in white!  
Followed dem ter dat Red Sea,  
See all dem angels robed in white!

*Chorus.*

Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
See all dem angels robed in white!

De Jews dey went thoo de sea dry shod,  
See all dem angels robed in white!  
Phareo was drownded by de han' of God,  
See all dem angels robed in white!



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

### *Chorus.*

Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
See all dem angels robed in white!

De Jews dey wuz a stubbin race,  
See all dem angels robed in white!  
De Lawd f'um dem did hide his face,  
See all dem angels robed in white!

### *Chorus.*

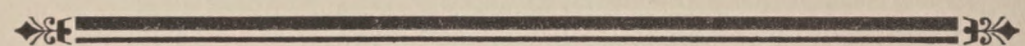
Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
See all dem angels robed in white!

Fifty yeahs in de wilderness,  
See all dem angels robed in white!  
Moses an' de Jews did res',  
See all dem angels robed in white!

### *Chorus.*

Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
Oh, Lawd, ain' dem lobely,  
See all dem angels robed in white!





Oh, Ma'y, don' you Weep

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# Oh, Ma'y, don' you Weep

**M**A'Y wo' de golden chain,  
Eve'y link wuz Jesus' name,  
Phareo's army got drowneded,  
An' Ma'y, don' you weep.

*Chorus.*

An' Ma'y, don' you weep an' don' you moan,  
An' Ma'y, don' you weep o'er de Lawd,  
Phareo's army got drowneded,  
An' Ma'y, don' you weep.

Jesus rode de horse uv death,  
Eighteen arrows in his bre's',  
Phareo's army got drowneded,  
An' Ma'y, don' you weep.

*Chorus.*

An' Ma'y, don' you weep an' don' you moan,  
An' Ma'y, don' you weep o'er de Lawd,  
Phareo's army got drowneded,  
An' Ma'y, don' you weep.

Holy Ghos', Holy Ghos', talkin' in de air,  
Holy Ghos', Holy Ghos', ter talk it out fair,  
Phareo's army got drowneded,  
An' Ma'y, don' you weep.



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

### *Chorus.*

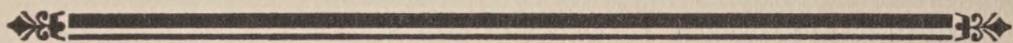
An' Ma'y, don' you weep an' don' you moan,  
An' Ma'y, don' you weep o'er de Lawd,  
Phareo's army got drowneded,  
An' Ma'y, don' you weep.

Moses, take yo' shoes off an' hide yo' face,  
De groun' whar you stan'in's er holy place,  
Phareo's army got drowneded,  
An' Ma'y, don' you weep.

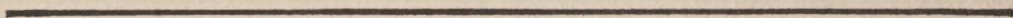
### *Chorus.*

An' Ma'y, don' you weep an' don' you moan,  
An' Ma'y, don' you weep o'er de Lawd,  
Phareo's army got drowneded,  
An' Ma'y, don' you weep.





## Note by the Author









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## Note by the Author

**I**N writing the dialect of Old Plantation Days I have endeavored to make the spelling as simple as possible, so that it may be read more easily by those unacquainted with the "Mammy" tongue.

While I am aware that the abbreviation of words ending in "d" is mostly used and is mainly correct, it is nevertheless *less expressive* to those unacquainted with the pronunciation of the dialect than the substitution of the letter "e," and not so easy or helpful to those who are; nor do the words cut off with an apostrophe convey to the mind of the reader that soft, indefinable drawl which we are endeavoring to reproduce and which, after all, is the chief charm of the dialect, as in the sound of a word ended with the "e."

For instance, "child" abbreviated "chil'" looks like "chill;" and "mind," "min'," like "minn;" and "bind," "bin'," like "binn;" "blind," "blin'," like "blinn," "cold," "col'," like "coll," etc., etc., and, unless the reader is perfectly familiar with the dialect, the sweet, tender cadence is necessarily lost.



## OLD PLANTATION DAYS

To me the “e” sound is so perceptible in the spoken language that I find when writing it that my pen glides unconsciously into putting the “e” in the place of the “d”—that the words should look as they sound. Yes, the rhythm of the accent seems to speak out to me from the very pages as I write, and I seem to hear the lingering softness of my Mammy’s voice as distinctly as the memory of a note of music held in pressure with the soft pedal, “Gard bless dat chile.” The “e,” therefore, seems indispensable to me.

Having studied the language very thoroughly both from nature and under the guidance of Mr. Henry Gaines Hawn, to whose competent instruction I owe my success as an interpreter and reader, I feel justified in writing my dialect as simply as I have endeavored to speak it from the platform. I try never to misspell a word unnecessarily, and while I sometimes use “des” and then “jes” in the same page, and am, therefore, seemingly not always uniform in spelling of the same word, I am nevertheless writing it as I speak it in recitation, true to nature, for the negro changes from “des” to “jes” as often and unconsciously as the euphony of the word seems most agreeable to the ear. Plantation dialect, as heard from the lips of the Mam-



## NOTE BY THE AUTHOR

my now passing, will soon be a dead language; the musical rhythm and tender pathos we shall try in vain to reproduce. Hence my desire to put as much of the tone into each word of my written interpretations as can be conveyed by the method of simple spelling. Again I would like to explain to my readers, that the negro race is the most religious of all people, and that their constant use of the Lord's name is neither disrespectful nor irreligious—but comes from their daily familiarity of appealing to Him as a person ever present to hear and see their joys, their woes, and their prayers.

MARTHA S. GIELOW.











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